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United States' Arsenal, near Bridesburgh, Pa.

DESCRIPTION.

This Arsenal, of which the above is a view, is situated on Frankford creek, about a quarter of a mile from the Delaware river, and between Bridesburg village and the borough of Frankford. It was commenced in the year 1816, but various delays ensuing, it was not entirely completed until 1830. It consists of six large and expensive stone buildings, and two small workshops, forming a square, besides a magazine and gun-shop.

This Arsenal is one of the principal depots for small arms, ammunition, &c. At this time it contains about two millions of flints, five hundred thousand pounds of refined nitre, and thirty-nine thousand stand of small arms, besides a large quantity of other military stores. The establishment is at present commanded by Colonel J. B. Wallack, of the first Regiment of Artillery.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

[illegible]

One's view, a sweet taken,
Every action thought charm,
One's love of peace be stolen,
By the words which passion form?

One from whom brightly flourished
Our new young cardinal day,
On the love, our hearts have nourished,
Like a summer rose away?

Cherish'd seat of warm affection,
Turn ye then silence on me
Of this heart of deep dejection,
Ever cease to think of thee?

Hush! smother'd by passion heated,
Never heed the free born will,
Reason's self can ne'er be chained,
By a rose of sugar'd thrall.

When these fetters are made in seeming,
Hence where the world belief,
Like the oft misty meetings dreaming
Such never exists should be 'fond'.

Thus, our unbending hope's patention
Blest mind Cupid, I trust this vow,
Angel like consideration,
Whisper Jupiter's cruel vow. C. H. W.

LOGAN.

TO MRS. JANE T. LOGAN.

For those Kaskaskia's dancing tide,
A warrior bark rush on
In ready readiness, at the bride,
Of Logan's fair alone.

The shore was passed, and far now high—
The sun was murder's spell,
A shriek was heard—a deep death cry—
The Mingo's fatal fell.

The bloody chief looked in war—
The Chief's proud spirit rose;
Revenge was all his swelling star
That pointed to his foes.

Oh! dark powers—when thou dost dwell
Within the savage breast,
To curdle every wish to temperate tell
Of joy—of peace and rest.

His deeds of death more fully done—
His vengeance sated now,
The white man's sword pierc'd sorely on,
The Logan returned to bow.

To Shawnee's hill, no plain lays cause
From the lonely injured Chief;
He would not snatch his proud name
To aid of him relief.

But yet, his woman's lot deeply felt—
His heart kept fresh its woe:
And memories kissed his wailings melt,
And whispered low—

"O woe is me, white man, who will say,
To Logan's feel he stood,
In empty robe, from hide of fray,
But Logan's bosom good?

"O shivering is the winter's storm,
Naked and cold he came,
But Logan's kindness made him warm,
He fed—the hunger's flame?"

And when the Mingo's deadly hate
Upon him the warring knife,
Logan, to his last robust mate
Did bound the deadly strife—

For his dearly loved brother's worn,
Would in the white man head;
The pangs of his kindred born—
"Logan! the white man's friend."

And Logan still, year fourteen well,
Kin with a father's love,
And dwelt upon with them to dwell,
And love to red brethren prove.

Kindness—oh! were I feel their wrongs,
Their dark and unmerited deeds—
To Logan all true love belongs,
A heart that truly bleeds.

No, thou white Logan's love repaid,—
At that his life had fled,
By Cresap's bloody sword, are laid
In dust that knows, dead.

Then was the friendship changed to hate,
Of Indian's ire—
And cause a burning to desolate—
By the sacred sun's true dome.

Thus usually weapons now may rest—
The tomahawk drink its fill
To vengeance swells within his breast,
With many frantic chill.

Fiery demon upon my country's helm—
Fit Mingoes I repose,
But yet in fire my insane thirst,
Is quiet—cannot my voice.

I would not turn upon my heel,
To bike the raging brave
Death's cause who was with Logan feel—
Gone are the dear of the brave!

I am glad and delighted thing—
For Logan who will mourn,
Under his grave the wild dirge sing!
Alas! there's none nor none!

The powerful, mighty Chief—oak down—
His mast's last veil rescued,
And entered on a darker frown,
As misery o'er him kindled.

Now! sons there be that love despair,
And fear their agony;
Are pastime in the poisoned air,
Fresh, then sink and die!

And I am the mighty injured Chief,
A stone not now he sits;
His mount ground, yet mournful relief,
That deeply desolate.

The tried war broke, and peasant lost—
His blow he stretched the oar,
And the wild western regions crossed,
His guard a warrior's power.

Upon a hundred seasons' and winter's storm,
By dark Miami's shore,
That seen proud Logan's murdered form,
In dreamless slumber there!

Buffalo, N. Y.

LITERARY.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L. L. D. F. R. S.—Published by Carey & Lea.

Previously to our entering our record of the merits of the book before us, we shall call the attention of our readers to the publication of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." This work, (the publishers state in their prospectus,) is intended to form a popular compendium of whatever is useful, instructive, and interesting, in the circle of human knowledge—an object, certainly as laudable as (if fully attained) it will unquestionably prove useful and advantageous to the public.—That the design of the enterprising publishers will be completely successful, we have every reason to believe, not only from the specimens of the work, which they have already published, but from the high character for talents and knowledge of the individuals who are engaged as contributors to the work. The subjects to be embraced in this popular publication are

Natural Philosophy.—Mechanics, Mathematics, Chemistry, &c.

Arts.—The Fine Arts, the Useful Arts, Manufactures, &c.

Natural History.—Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy and Geology.

Geography, Philosophy, Political and Moral, Religion and Education, Language, Belles Lettres, History of Literature.

History.—Antiquities, Mythology, Chronology, Biography.—Political, Military, Naval, Religious, Scientific, Poetical, Classical, &c.

Dictionary of Literature, Science, and Art.

The above is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace every subject within the scope of human knowledge. That the subjects will be ably and satisfactorily treated, we have a sufficient guarantee in the names of the contributors; they rank among the highest in the world, and the most of them, by their former productions, have given ample demonstration of their ability to perform the tasks to which they have been respectively assigned. We shall enumerate a few of them—Mackintosh, Scott, Moore, Maria Edgeworth, Coleridge, Thirlwall, Dale, Roscoe, Herschell, Brewster, Gilbert, Kater, Bell, Bennett, Hamilton, Robinson, Turner, Wilkins, and numerous others of equal abilities and reputation. "Each volume will contain one or more subjects, uninterrupted and unbroken, and will be accompanied by the corresponding plates, or other appropriate illustrations. Treatises on subjects which are technical and professional, will be adapted not so much to those who desire to obtain a practical proficiency as to those who seek that portion of information respecting such matters, which is generally expected from well educated persons." The reader will at once perceive, that the work is designed for the great mass of the people—placing within the reach of those of limited means, a library of the best kind, in which every subject will be treated in the most able and lucid manner. No plan of the kind has ever been heretofore attempted in this country; but notwithstanding the novelty of the design, we are confident that it will meet with the decided support and approbation of the public. The work has already acquired a high degree of popularity, and no one who desires to enlarge the boundaries of his knowledge, should hesitate a moment to add it to his library. The work should undoubtedly find a place in every private and public library, and every school and college, throughout our country. Having said thus much of this valuable publication, we shall now proceed to notice the volume before us, and which forms the thirteenth number of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia."

The work is divided into two parts—the first treats of Hydrostatics—the nature and properties of fluids—the laws by which they are governed—and their applicability to various mechanical purposes. The second treats of the air—explains its powers and qualities—demonstrates the various phenomena exhibited under different circumstances—and records the multifarious purposes to which it has been applied by the discoveries and ingenuity of man. The present volume contains all the knowledge that the general reader may desire on air and water, with the different theories of the operation of various kinds of machinery scientifically and lucidly explained. The air pump, balloon, barometer, diving bell, engine canal, rail road, water wheel, air gun, and indeed every thing known relative to either air or water, are discussed in the most familiar manner, and illustrated with numerous cuts. The work combines scientific accuracy with pleasing description and familiar illustration, and we confidently recommend it to our readers, as a book which will afford them much amusement, and from which they will derive a considerable portion of useful instruction. A. C. D.

A TREATISE

On the Origin, Progressive Improvement, and Present State of the Silk Manufacture.—Published by Carey & Lea.

This is one of the most entertaining and instructive volumes that has been published of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and one which, we hope, will have that extended circulation, to which it is justly entitled from its utility and merits. It is a work which should be widely circulated, as it contains a greater mass of information on the rise, progress, and present state of the silk manufacture, together with the best history of the silk worm and mode of rearing, than any with which we are acquainted. The rearing of worms, and the manufacture of silk, are objects of the highest importance to the interest of our country; and the information contained in this volume on those interesting subjects, is such as to inspire the reasonable hope, that the manufacture of this important article, will obtain more attention, than it has heretofore received.—The volume before us contains all that is known relative to the origin of the silk manufacture, with a history of silk to the period when silk worms were first introduced into Europe—also an account of the trade of foreign countries in silk—a description and history of the mulberry tree, with directions as to the best mode of culture—a history of the silk worm, with an account of the manner of rearing under various circumstances and in different countries—a chapter on the diseases of silk worms, and a brief and lucid exposition of the machinery employed in the manufacture of silk, velvet-gauze, brocade, damask, &c. &c. We have rarely perused a work, which has afforded us as much delight and instruction, as the one now before us: it abounds with the most curious facts, and we are confident that all who read the book will lay it down with the boundaries of their knowledge enlarged.

The entertaining and instructive chapter on those wonderful transformations which the silk worm undergoes, in the short period of its existence, we are sure will be read with pleasure. In the contemplation of the history and character of the silk worm, we are irresistibly led to reflections of a lofty nature—insignificant in size, inferior in power, the space to which it is confined never exceeding three feet, it is still calculated to arrest our attention, and elicit our wonder and admiration.

We did intend to have enriched this article with some extracts from this pleasing volume, but time not permitting, we must refer our readers to the work itself: and we take great pleasure in recommending it to their attention, as we are confident that they will not only receive a large portion of intellectual pleasure from its perusal, but their minds will be expanded by the wonderful developments of those secret operations of nature, which take place in the silk worm, and which leave no room to doubt, even in the minds of the most sceptical, the existence of a great, powerful, intelligent, and benevolent First Cause, which rules the heavens and the earth, and governs the whole magnificent universe. A. C. D.

From the Casket.

To the Blind Goddess, Fortune.

The praise of beauty, wit, or worth,
Of sturdily mould, I sing not now:
But thou hast drawn these numbers forth,
Dread goddess of the darken'd brow!

Of thee I've heard strange tales, but never
Could quite believe them true:
They say thou'rt fickle, blind'ring ever,
Nor yield three passes due.

The filleting around thy brow
Is of a texture thin,
And I do really think, somehow,
It lets the daylight in!

But if, indeed, thou art as blind
As any owl or bat,
Thou still may'st hear me speak my mind;
Fair goddess grant me that!

'Tis said thou art the friend of youth*—
If so, vouchsafe a smile—
For few have been my years, in truth,
And those last *fraught* the while.

Thy luckless daughter! I have known
Five many years together,
Both in the country and in town,
In dry and rainy weather!

Faith, she has play'd me many a prank,
In one way or another!—
I fain would catch her on the flank,
And send her to her mother.

I've heard that you are sweet and mild,
And lib'ral of your pelf—
Then, pray take back your froward child,
And come to me yourself! C. G.

*The Emperor Charles V. or the Great Frederick, or some other old gentleman, once observed, that "Fortune, like other females, generally bestows her favors on young men." Miss Fortune.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MY BIBLE.

Holiest gift to mortals given,
True unerring guide to heaven,
O may I read and understand
Thy sacred truths, thy great commands:

Strictly obey
That I may stand
On that great day
At the right hand
Of God, my Saviour, Father, Deity.

OSCAR.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MARTIN WILLIS:

Or, the Career of a Drunkard, Epitomized.

"Take back the bowl! take back the bowl!
Reserve it for polluted lips—
I will not have a passion'd soul
Beneath so dark and foul eclipse."—Waterman

How irretrievable, how irremediable are the manifold ills and grievances of intemperance! How oft does this unconquerable hydra—this besetting demon, more infectious than were the plagues of Egypt, hold the tempting chalice to the uncalled—the unpolluted—the vestal lips. How oft has it sent its keen, piercing, and relentless dart into the tranquil bosom of domestic happiness and peace; and how oft has it left a canker there to corrode and destroy the finest, and loveliest feelings of the human heart. Time, the great lethe and oblivion for every thing, brings no "healing in its wings"—alleviation is no where to be sought—it still remains an irreducible blot upon the escutcheon of virtue and purity. How oft (excusing a hackneyed quotation,) has it arrayed the *father against the son*—the *son against the father*—and how oft has been the irrefutable cause of dire divisions, between those who before enjoyed all the unalloyed comforts of conjugal bliss, and attachment. But to recount all the ills it subjects "poor human nature" to endure, would require the ponderous tomes of the *quarto*—and to portray in it colours adequately vivid, the lofty and inspiring eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero.

Martin Willis, the unfortunate—the lamented subject of my sketch, was through his short but brilliant life, my most intimate and endeared friend. From our early associations during the halcyon season of life, our hearts had become, as it were, inseparably interwoven. Together we spent happy hours, *roving* on the verdant mead—together we wondered o'er hill and glen—o'er meadow and vale—together we watched the sly and regular meanderings of the sluggish brook, as it wound its way through the tall columns of reeds that surrounded it, and through mutual confidence of the very "tide of life," seemed to course simultaneously throughout our whole system. How oft do I revert to times of yore, where fond memory delights to dwell, bringing to my thirsty fancy subjects long by. But recollections of Willis float in ideal beauty, around, like mists in the morning air.

——"His form in sure
Vividly in my mind, as if he were
From me but yesterday—its pleasant smile,
And the rich, joyous laughter of his eye,
And the free play of his unhaughty lip,
So redolent of his heart!"

Willis, I feared, was forming a habit that always excited fear in my mind. I was fearful that he had already the viper in his bosom, which was soon to warm him into existence, and give him a fatal sting. Whenever apart from the gaze of others, he would drown his cares in the "flowing bowl." It always demanded and received my severe reproof. He would solemly affirm that he would never again give occasion for reprimand. My fears were not quieted. He was not sufficiently aware that

"In the flowers which wreath the poisonous bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and venomed serpents roll."

Had we been separated by the "unspiritual god of circumstance," to have travelled in far off climes, a *hiatus* would have been formed in our minds, impossible to have filled. But when I saw Willis indulged his desires in libations, to the insatiate Bacchus, I looked upon his destiny without the guarded affection of a friend; but with a careless indifference, such as is felt only for the selfish and depraved, they, who are lower in the great scale of creation than the veriest brutes of the forest.

Willis was of good extraction. He had the misfortune to lose both his parents in early youth, and like all similar cases it proved irreparable. Possessed of an ample and increasing fortune, he enjoyed at once, all the competency and ease a world like this could afford. His reputation was an enviable one, unsullied by disgrace, and honorable to a fault. He pursued the business of an accomptant in an extensive mercantile house in the city of New York. In the folly and waywardness consequent in youth, he considered his occupation *as degrading*—or as he himself termed it, by way of effecting a *ruse* to acquit himself honorably "*too sedentary.*" He wished for more bustle and incident than was attendant on his present employment. His longing, unquiet spirit, continued to make him restless and uneasy, and he finally relinquished his business, to lead as he supposed, the *unoccupied—undisturbed* and *serene life of a gentleman.* He was deprived of the tender and watchful vigilance, that parents would have exerted over him. *It may not be wonderful he pursued the course he did.* He stood alone in the wide world, without a monitor to guide or cheer him. It would have been marvellous had he passed unscathed through its ordeal. He knew his fortune would insure him a welcome reception, into the highest circles; he knew that in personal beauty he was not excelled, uniting feminine delicacy, with a masculine and commanding department. Of a tall and graceful form; in dress always the *most recherche;* and with manners of the most winning and accomplished grade, he bore the most affable, intelligent and pleasing appearance. He was soon initiated into the highest circles of fashion; he sported all the coaches and servants, that are necessary to form a prominent feature in "high life," and the favour he shortly won from the belles and beaux of the day, so inflated his vanity, as to furnish a powerful incentive to renewed exertions in the *beau monde.* He soon secured the affections of the amiable, the refined and lively Julia De L'orme, the adopted daughter of the late General M. De L'orme, of ——. It was subsequently reported that an engagement was the result. She was one of the purest beings of earth's mould; so angelic in her demeanour that fancy claimed her kindred with the skies. Like the young bud just expanding its petals into beauty, there was something irresistibly bewitching about her; a something indescribable; a *je ne sais quoi*, that fascinated the beholder, and intoxicated the senses with a vague and pleasing delirium.

Willis was one pleasant forenoon lounging in his room, and musing over the yet damp leaves of the last novel; alternately soliloquising and sentimentalizing on its contents, when he was disturbed by the servant's ushering in an *exquisite of the first stamp.*

"How d'ye do, Willis," exclaimed Henry Morley, "fine morning this—want your company to-day—a ride out of town is in project—*your dear* (emphatically aspirated,) Julia will make one of the number, and——

"Stop" interrupted Willis, "I am your man—I am always ready. What time do you start?"

"At 2 o'clock, precisely," replied Morley.

"Who's to make the company" asked Willis.

"Why," said Morley "there is to be six of us, and Thomson has promised the use of his large barouche; his own presence and that of his sister, who, with us will make four, the Misses De L'orme (here he gave Willis a *knowing wink,*) and Williams complete the number."

"A select and genteel company, truly," exclaimed Willis.

"Certainly, and shall we number you among it?" asked Morley.

"By all means," replied Willis, and off darted Morley like a shot.

Willis immediately commenced preparing himself for the anticipated party, and at precisely the hour appointed, the carriage containing the compliment in number (*with his exception,*) drove up to the door of his hotel. Out came Willis and *fairly* seated, they started off in full glee. He paid his best devoirs to his Julia, and indulged continually in *tete a tete* with her. The party arrived at their destination, (several miles out of the city,) shortly after the weary sun had made a "golden set." The moon with her attendant train of satellites, illumined the placid atmosphere, and gilded the tops of the towering pines, as if in silent mockery of poor, unerring man. Not a sound was heard save from the gentle zephyr, as it wound its way almost unmurmuring through the dense foliage of the trees.

When they had finished their perambulations and were ascending the vehicle to return, it was observed that Willis was missing. While venting their surprise (almost indignantly) at such inattention in him, one of the company perceived him approaching at a distance. Presently he came up and all prepared, started off. He appeared listless and sullen. Before they arrived at the city, he had sunk into a stupor that rendered him insensible. They used every possible means to revive him, but in vain, for on arriving at his hotel, he was apparently quite indisposed; so much so that it was necessary for him to keep his bed a day or two without rising.

Reader, you will doubtless ask what was the cause of his ailing. If not, I shall not consider you as interested in my tale. But to explain—he was nothing "more or less," to use an expressive phrase, than *drunk*—yes, dear reader, *dead drunk.* Here the scene closed upon his worth, here it opened on his mad career, and disclosed terrors more hideous than the imagination could compass. His reputation in the fashionable *monde* became tarnished—he was avoided—he was discarded. 'Twas thus he indulged his longing propensity—it proved a bane, and terminated a curse to his very existence. The habit was steadily growing upon him—it was weaving itself with *his very* "being," and sticking drop by drop, without surfeit, the life blood of his heart. Like Laocoon in the iron coils of the Python, he had become inextricably bound, and the monster like the daughter of the horse leech, still crying "give, give."

He in a short time, however, married the object of his cherished regard—Julia De L'orme. "Woman's love is a holy thing," there is naught of earthly form that can effectually interpose it; it requires the last breath of the dying, to extinguish the flame once kindled, and centered on the being she loves. Such was the love of Julia, pure, constant and unwavering. Then loves in fact were mutual. But alas! bourbon was her cup of pleasure drained to the dregs; and for it substituted one of sorrow and misery. The vested purity of Julia, claimed no kindred with the licentious and profligate spirit of Willis.

——"How will the rose arise
With the dead lycanth!—or the honey wealth a
Circling a withered brier."

When I gazed upon the heart-stricken Julia during the reckless life of Willis, I oft thought with Gray:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

He continued to live a drunkard; that for all, containing manculs of bitterest torments. Peace of mind he never enjoyed, except when in "ungodly glee and revel," he beat his youthful frame over the inebriating bowl. This proved his only source of pleasure—a faithful one—but a source that resulted in misery and degradation—despair and death. He kept the company of low, dissipated young men, and became constant frequenters of the brothel and the gambling house. Here he soon expended his whole fortune, and became poor and needy, without a cent to provide for his maintenance. By the generosity of a few friends he was enabled to *live*, yet he clung to the haunts of vice, to the *bibelo its mother.* During all the time Julia was retired and in solitude, like the nun, her cloistered cell—pining away—denying to necessities of life, and ruinously approaching the confines of the damp and murky grave. 'Twas a sorry sight to look upon such a being—so pure—so devoted—dying for very grief! the conduct of the being she so adored. Time passed on. The beastly god of intemperance still hovered around Willis, and was daily doing root more firmly. Julia at length in the utmost excess of her husband's debauchery, died—uncomplaining—of a broken heart. Thus was a lovely and blooming flower untimely broken from its parent stem.

"Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom.
On thee shall press no gentle tomb;
But on thy turf shall press rest
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom."

Willis persevered in his ruthless course.—Friends finally fell off, and he was left friendless and penniless. The most abject of poverty's son's—clad in squalid garments, would turn upon what had once been the virtuous and high minded Martin Willis, with ineffable contempt and disdain. He soon became a miserable inmate of the city Alms House.

* * * * *

The keeper a few days since informed me that Willis in a fit of despair, the evening previous, had committed suicide. Thus was a *finale* substituted to this tragedy. All that is now mortal of Martin Willis, reposes beneath a small mound over which rank weeds grow in luxuriance. I erected a slab of white marble to his memory with this inscription:—

HIC JACET
MARTIN WILLIS,
ÆT 27.
ERECTED BY A
FRIEND.

Reader, one word with you. My tale is done. The application you easily perceive. Lay it to heart. If you would live virtuous and happy—if you would live respected and beloved—if you wish your children to inherit a reputable name—if you wish to preserve peace and happiness among mankind—if you wish the causes of charity and benevolence to prevail—if you wish to be feeling and compassionate—if you wish a heart sensitive of misery in your fellow beings—in short, if you wish to be contented and calm—reject the cup of inebriation, as you would the embrace of a serpent—remember that under the pleasure that floats on the surface, lurks the deadly—the inveterate and incurable poison. Like the fabled apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes—fair without, but within ashes. Beware of this Stygean lake—when it closes upon its victim, like the Syrian flower, it dies in a moment. NORA.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE OCEAN.

When all is hushed, when nature is at rest,
I love to muse upon the placid wave;
It imparts pleasure to the troubled breast,
And soothes the passions to which man is a'ave.
But still I love to see, when tempests lower,
The mighty wave dash onward to the shore;
It throws contempt on art's impotent power,
For nature speaks within its hollow roar.
Time's withering glance makes e'en the mountain wane.
His blighting touch leaves mouldering towers and rocks;
He puts his hand upon the ocean's mane,
But leaves unmoved, his unform, hoary locks.
Grim visaged war has waved his crimson wings,
And spoke in thunder on thy boundless waste;
To thee his power no desolation brings,
Whilst his red sins, leaves man, leaves earth defaced.
Unfolding Ocean! 'neath thy glassy waves,
Lay the bleached bones of maid and warrior proud;
The sealard remained a requiem o'er their graves,
Thy form of billows was their only shroud.
Where are the thousands that have spread their sails
To launch abroad upon thy mighty breast;
The voiceless tomb can tell their simple tales,
But sad decay is not on thee impressed.
One thing there is, which can compare to thee,
Whose waves are shoreless—'tis Eternity.

AVON BARD.

FLEA-OLOGICAL RESEARCHES.

[From the Dublin Comet.]

Last night, pursuing my path in an idle yet observant mood, over Black-trial's bridge, and along New Surrey-street, my attention was attracted by a little show-box, stationed outside the pathway, lit up inside like a magic lanthorn, and adorned by a very moderate transparency, on which was emblazoned, in illuminated letters, the PRODIGIOUS intelligence, that within might be seen a brass cannon, drawn by two fleas!—a superb brazen car, by three!—a French diligence, by five!—and a model of a tortoise, supported by four!—and all for the small charge of one penny!"

So I peeped through the magnifying glass, and saw the miniature lions executing their evolutions merrily in the tropical climate of the show-box. They were harnessed neatly round the neck by a yoke of golden wire, which was plated in continuation, to form traces for each fairy steed, thus leaving them in comparative liberty to pick the several steps, like Mr. Foot Hayne's carriage-horses—(the idea of which is professedly borrowed from the Guacha of the Pampas, but really stolen from the professor in New Surry-street.) The little black cattle pulled all together, very nicely, along a sheet of white paper in the bottom of the box; "because," as the professor explained to me, "they couldn't get any other way." He had relays of all the performers and vehicles—complete "doubles" of the dramatic personæ, like a Parisian manager; and there they laid in a corner, on their backs—cannon, diligence, triumphal car, and tortoise—(or rather turtle, if I might judge from its flatness)—the tiny steeds still yoked by the necks, kicking up their heels in the air, "and resting themselves," as the Professor assured me. According as the duplicates in requisition on the stage accomplished their grand march to the foot-light, or to my magnificent opera-glass, they were unceremoniously streeled back by the wand of their prompter, who thus gave them an opportunity of following their noses anew, which they invariably did, starting with a mettlesome skip, as if glad to be allowed to use their legs in any way, and heartily tired of "resting themselves" by hanging in chains.

I found the Flea-ological Professor a very communicative savant in his way, and so (on Sir Walter Scott's hint) unceremoniously entered into conversation with him. I wanted to steal an opinion as what would relieve the pain of a flea-bite. ("Very annoying, so it is!" to thin-skinned people like me.) Alas! he couldn't tell me! but he gave me some interesting information concerning the "natural history" of his menagerie, for which he seemed to entertain a parental affection.

"Lord bless you, sir!" cried he, "the poor little hanimals never urts me. I never lets 'em be right down droughty, as it were, but I suckles 'em all twice a day regular on my harm or on the back of my hand; but if they was near hempty, you see they'd sip wickedly. I had my own trouble before I could bring 'em to this degree of perfection. Now brass wire, for one thing, would not do for traces—it gave 'em a verdy-greasy disease in the neck and stomach, and spoilt their happetites. Silk was always dangling in their feet, or felting into their paper carpet, and it has a drag, a kind of spring in it that they hobject to. Nothing but silver or gold collars will sarve 'em to stick their toes in; I tried 'em on Perry's, and on glazed, but they slipped as if they were on ice. Parchment's too cold for 'em, and it cockles with my lamp heat. At first I had tin cases of ot water under the paper, but that would cool in the frost, you see, and now I've got a lamp instead, burning night and day—a great improvement—it makes 'em as brisk as bees in the sunshine. And the white paper flour must be changed frequently, sir, or the wheel's wouldn't turn, with all the fuzz that the little kattle kicked up."

"How long do your performers live in this line of life?" I asked.

"Why, sir, I have two pair yoked under the legs of that 'ere tortoise lying on its back this two months past," replied the Professor "and they carries his weight very well: he never touches the ground by no chance walking. They are his feet as 'twere, and they feed very well indeed. (They'll live as long as they feed: no longer, I 'sure you.) But I lost one fellow worth one hundred times his weight in gold, that I suckled twenty-eight months wanting a day, and that was the oldest flea I was ever acquainted with. He knew how to elp imself properly; but 'tis not every one that has its nack. The nicest point of my French yoke of five in the dilly, is, that the wire-plait-harness hallows hevery one to bite at once, and to take cleverly. I sold a pretty pair that skipped in gold chains, to a gemman who wanted to show 'em to his Majesty, but the gemman wasn't up to the feeding in chains, and so they died, I hear."

"I suppose you have good magnifying glasses for your harnessing jobs," said I.

"O Lord bless you, no sir!" replied he, "I does it with the naked hye. T'other night one beast took sick or sulky, and I threw him into the mud, and yoked another to the cannon by the light of my lamp ere. I've capital sharp hyes. I made two holter needles to hunscrew—one eld a humbrella that would hopen! and the other eld a flea and a gold chain tied to it,—all done by the naked hye! But they were a bad street show! People could'nt see 'em! So I sold 'em."

"Did you ever yoke any beetles?" I asked. "They are very strong." "No, sir, never!" replied the Professor. "A beetle, of course, would draw hany think! but the cur'osity is in theso 'ere small thanks. I tried dogs' fleas, but they took sulk, and would'nt feel the very second time; so they'd die, you know, and, of course, would'nt do. I might keep a dog or cat, to be sure, to nurse 'em, but that would be hexpensive; and I'd be too dependent for if the dog was lant a fighting, or the cat gone a visiting, the cattle might be starved. No, no! Our own are the handy ones for draft, and they are always welcome to myself!"

Here's a natural Philosopher, though, I. Happy in exercising the tender cares of a Pelican to twenty-eight of my mortal foes, the backbiting family of Pulex Irritans!

All this time a select gaping crowd was gathering about the Professor, trying to save their pennies by listening to his lecture. He was just in the midst of an interesting and sorrowful story of the miscarriage of the tandem hanaimal of the Dilly, when I felt the soft hand of a street accoucher in my pocket. * * * * * * *

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

Education may be considered as one of the greatest ornaments which can adorn a female, and as an indispensable requisite towards forming female character. By it those innate qualities and inborn excellencies which slumber in the mind, are enabled to shine forth with a doubled lustre, thereby rendering their possessors engaging and attractive. It is education which cultivates and improves the female mind, fills it with a useful and wholesome stock of knowledge, and qualifies the sex to pass through life as the bright ornaments to society. It is education which makes the good and sensible wife—the kind, instructing, and exemplary mother; and fits the woman for all the relative duties annexed to the two characters.

A female whose mind is well improved by education, should she even be without personal charms, is far more attractive than her whose face has been cast in the same mould with that of Venus, and whose symmetry of form might serve as a model for a statue of Hebe, but whose mind is barren and uncultivated, and whose only recommendation is her personal beauty. The latter may by the fascinations of her outward charms, attract around her a numerous train of admirers, who may bestow upon her every encomium which flattery can suggest, or interested motives point out. Her beauty may be the topic of conversation among the gay and volatile, and may form a theme for the poet's muse. This may be the case whilst she is young and blooming, and before the rose on her cheek has become withered by the hand of time. But as age creeps on she will find herself deserted by those whose praises were bestowed upon her so lavishly—her vanity will then cease to be excited by hearing her beauty praised—the Lydian lyre will no longer sound the resistless power of her charms, and some whom she considered among the number of her captives, when she basked in the sunshine of external beauty, and who will then perhaps be united to a woman of internal worth, will now look upon her with cold indifference, and consider her as one who, when young, was to be sure handsome, but at the same time destitute of that refinement of mind which education gives, and which alone can insure a pleasing and valuable connubial partner. She will then discover the uselessness and frivolity of outward attractions without inward qualifications. The truth will then come home to her, that beauty of mind is far more enviable than, and far preferable to, beauty of person.

The former, when young, will be the delight of every company over which sense or good taste predominates, and she will be listened to with respect and attention. The pleasure of her conversation will be sought after by persons of sentiment and talent, whose praises and commendations will outlive the bloom of her youth. She may not perhaps dazzle in the ball-room or figure in the opera, but there are times and places when the gaudy decorations of the one and splendid trappings of the other, will cease to please; when she will shine, and by the dazzling lustre of her mental acquirements, eclipse those whose outward appearance shone with such brilliancy, but who now appear like painted butterflies in her presence. As age advances she loses not her attractions; for

"Neither time nor place can change
The beauties of the mind."

She allows not her time to pass by idly or foolishly. She does not spend almost her whole time, nor waste her almost every hour at her toilet, or before her mirror, arranging the assistants of her beauty, or adding some additional charm to her personal appearance. No: her time is devoted to the improvement of her mind, and in gaining useful information. Years roll by not in vain, but each one finds her possessed of more knowledge, and consequently a greater acquisition to society.

It is the paramount duty, and should be the peculiar and assiduous care of parents and others to whom the bringing up of females is entrusted, to bestow upon them a good education; for that is the basis on which the superstructure of their morals is to be raised, and which is to teach their "young ideas how to shoot."

It too frequently happens that the accomplishment of the person is more attended to than the embellishment of the mind; as if the latter were of minor importance. Mothers too often fall into the delusive opinion, that if their daughters excell in what is denominated the *beau monde*, they are sufficiently educated. They either forget, or give themselves no trouble about reflecting, that the time will come when it would appear ridiculous in the extreme for their daughters to join in the circles, and partake of the amusements of the young, gay, and fashionable—when they will have to lay aside the sports and pastimes of youth, for the graver duties of domestic avocations—when the gaudy dress of the youthful maiden must be exchanged for the plain and becoming garment of the matron. It is by no means reprehensible in mothers to endeavor to bestow some accomplishments on their daughters, so as to enable them to join in the pleasures of youth; but to attend to this exclusively, and neglect the improvement and cultivation of their minds, is highly culpable—besides, it is a dereliction from their duty.

That selfish opinion which too often exists in the bosoms of individuals, should be discarded: of thinking that a limited and circumscribed education is sufficient for females—that the mere outlines will suffice for them—that to know how to read and write, with a little knowledge of arithmetic, is all that is requisite—that they have not half so much need of learning as have not half so much need of learning as have not half so much need of learning as have not half so much need of learning as their opposite sex, because they are not destined to such an active part in the intercourse of life, nor in the framing or regulating of laws for the government of nations—that they have no occasion to meddle with or be concerned in any of the public affairs of life—and consequently a superficial education is all that they require. True, it is not required of them to figure upon the stage of public life. It is not their province to ruffle councils, to institute codes of law, to regulate and govern the conduct of men. 'Tis not expected of them to wield the pen in the cabinet, nor the sword in the field, in defence of their countries' rights. No, it has been otherwise ordained; the softer and more delicate duties of life have been to them assigned. But it does not follow from this that their education should be either limited or circumscribed: because they have to form and fashion the minds of their children, so as they may make good members of society, and be useful and beneficial to their country, in whatever capacity that country thinks proper to place them—whether in the council asserting their liberties, or in the field maintaining their rights. The task is peculiarly allotted to them, to instill into the infant bosom of their offspring, principles of morality and virtue—to inspire them with patriotism and a love of country, and a willingness to sacrifice every thing for that country's welfare—to hold up to their view, as models for their future conduct, men of talents, patriotism, and philanthropy—men who were distinguished for knowledge, goodness, and purity of conduct. It is the duty of mothers to recount to their children the virtuous and heroic deeds of their forefathers—to tell them it was they who were the instruments in the hands of Providence that established the liberties they enjoy—to teach them to venerate their memories and take example from their conduct. Their province it is to impress upon the ductile mind early lessons of piety and religion—to hold up virtue to it in bright and glaring colors—to depict the blackness and bad consequences of vice—and to enter their children on the path which leads to lasting fame and happiness. In fine, it is the duty of mothers to be particularly careful to form and model (not only by precept, but by example—for it is from them they in a great measure receive their first impressions, inasmuch as most of their time is spent with them,) the minds of their children, so as to lay the foundation of future usefulness and worth.

Now how can they accomplish this end, or perform this all-important task, without the aid of a liberal education. They cannot 'tis impossible. There is no individual of a liberal and unprejudiced mind, but will acquiesce in the opinion that women are entitled to a good education as well as men; because if they themselves have no concern in the busy scenes of public life, or in the ruling or managing public affairs, they are entrusted with the government of those who are, at a future period, to be the props and support of their country, when their predecessors shall have retired to the tranquil and more congenial shades of private life. The education of females should not upon any account be neglected; for it is that which is to make them good wives, good mothers, and good guardians of the morals of the rising generation.

Woman has been termed, and certainly is, God's best gift to man. Without her society, the world would indeed be a dreary waste—a bleak and comfortless wilderness, and "man the hermit." Without the pleasures derivable from woman's company, man's journey through life would be dull, unpleasant, and unhappy. Without her smile to eradicate the gloomy cloud of misfortune, the vicissitudes and afflictions of this life would assume a darker hue, and their weight become insupportable. Woman has been destined by heaven to be man's companion, to accompany him through life, to be the soother of his woes, the comforter of his afflictions, the sharer of his joys, and the partaker of his griefs. When basking in the sun beams of prosperity, she is to rejoice with him; and when the dark cloud of adversity gathers and breaks over him, she is to console him, and in a great measure dissipate the gloom which hangs around his mind. And is this soothing and consoling companion of man's earthly pilgrimage to be in ignorance? Is her reason to remain unaided and unenlightened by the lights of literature? Is her mind to remain unimproved and uncultivated by education? Are her ideas to remain unexpanded and unenlarged by the fountain of knowledge? Are the common rudiments of education—the mere surface of it—to be her portion? Surely every generous and noble minded person will answer in the negative. To act thus toward her, would be a manifest injustice—a total disregard for the good or well-being of society.

A woman of education is the brightest jewel a man can be possessed of—the best gift he can have bestowed upon him. When forsaken by friends, and injured by their ingratitude—when a censorious world falsely reproaches him, and assails his character—when the tempest of adversity gathers around him, ready to burst with all its complicated gloom—then it is that man feels the real value of a well educated woman, in the character of wife—then it is that he receives consolation from the wisdom of her councils, and the poignancy of his grief is greatly mitigated by the persuasive reasoning of her adm

eat voice in vain whispered consolation; the youth felt awfully oppressed by the sense of his new startling position in commencing his perilous career. Distinctly I heard his young heart unfold all its latent apprehensions, and utter all its doubts and dismays and then he sobbed bitterly, casting himself on the arms of his kneeling father, whose voice rose louder as he appealed to Heaven to strengthen and shield his boy in the hour of combat. Down he turned his face on his son's and kissed him, with a low whisper. To that son the glory of a soldier's fame, and a soldier's death appeared vain and unenviable; he wished to forsake his dismal trade to pursue an humbler and unaspiring course in the midst of civil life and in the absence of peril, but the old soldier would not listen to these requests; he did not chide or upbraid his son, he knew that nature was strong, and must hold her course uncontrouled. A long silence ensued, the sobs of the youth became less frequent, and at length both arose, the son with a lighter and bolder heart, fortified by the spirit which had regained the mastery, and by the prayers which had not been unheard or unheeded. The father placed his arm round the youth, and both walked leisurely away.

The son did his duty at Salamanca; his conduct was especially noticed and applauded; he behaved like a young lion, and was in the thickest of the death-storm till the close of day. The struggle did not end till night came over the field, but then this young hero's hour was come; it came as he was congratulated by a brother officer on the almost achieved success of the day, when he fell dead by a musket-shot. His poor father sought him among the slain, and buried him in a lone grave near the spot where they prayed on the previous night. From that hour that father pined away; he still did his duties well; death he vainly sought in every succeeding action; at last the spirit was vanquished, and he passed away from amongst us, unscathed by mortal weapon, but his heart pierced by one of those unseen wounds which baffle mortal skill.—*From "Recollections in Quarters."*

Evening Post.

☞ **Containing, perhaps, a larger amount of reading matter, than is furnished in any other paper; its weekly contents are written, selected and prepared expressly for this, and without reference to any other weekly or daily publication.**

The veteran, Matthew Carey of this city, has just published a series of letters addressed to the Hon. Wm. Drayton, and Hon. H. Middleton, of South Carolina, on the subject of the excitement, in relation to the Tariff, now existing in that State. He proposes that none of the duties at or below 25 per cent. be touched, and that those above it, be reduced 10 per cent. annually, until they reach that rate. The whole consumption of articles paying duties in 1831, is estimated at $60,191,536, and the duties on them at $23,617,219.

An action was recently brought in Mobile, by the Postmaster, against William Marks, the master of the steamboat "Sun," to recover a penalty from the defendant under the 6th section of the act of Congress of the United States, for delivering the letters brought by the boat Tuscaloosa, instead of depositing them in the Post office. Judge Breden before whom the case was tried, decided that the penalties could not be recovered, as the conveyance of letters by the boat was merely an accidental convenience—the owners had no express or implied engagement to carry the mail, nor did the boat go into an absolute competion with the general government for the conveyance of a mail.

B. C. Allen, coroner, of Albany, N. Y. was called on Saturday, to view the body of a woman of that city, who was found dead in her bed.—The verdict of the jury was, that she came to her death by suffocation, the same being caused by intoxication. When she was first discovered, her little child was lying on her breast, and playing with its fingers on its mother's face, apparently with the object of waking her from sleep.

The Harrisburg Telegraph, of Saturday, says: "The bill appropriating $300,000 to the branches, to be expended as the canal commissioners shall direct, passed the House to-day on its third reading, and was sent to the Senate."

The same paper:—"A section was introduced into a bill and passed the House to-day authorizing the employment of *two spies* and *informers* in the city of Philadelphia, for the purpose of discovering and reporting those that sold spirituous liquors without license, to whom *forty dollars* per month is allowed.

The last number of Silliman's Journal contains the result of some experiments made at Fort Adams, R. I. by Lieutenant T. S. Brown, to ascertain the relative strength of white pine, spruce, and southern or long leaved pine. It appears from these experiments, that with a given diameter, white pine is about 7-8ths as strong as spruce, and southern pine. Spruce is about 2-3ds as strong as southern pine.

The annual commencement of the Medical School of our University, which took place last week, was highly imposing and satisfactory. At 10 o'clock, A. M. a procession was formed at the University by the trustees, the Faculties, and the Students of the Institution, which repaired to the Hall of Musical Fund Society, where it was received by a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentleman. The Philadelphia Military Band was in readiness at the Hall, and commenced a suitable piece of music on the arrival of the procession. In the order of exercises, a prayer was delivered by the Provost, Dr. Delancey; the degree of M. D. was then conferred upon one hundred and thirty-three gentlemen; after which the Provost delivered a most impressive charge to the Graduates. The ceremony was from time to time enlivened by the Band, whose performance gave great satisfaction to the audience.

We understand, says the N. E. Galaxy, that a fine horse was killed yesterday in a singular manner. In passing up Franklin street, being near the side walk, his foot slipped upon the pavement, and he was thrown down in such a manner that his head struck the curb-stone.—The blow killed him instantly, without causing any struggling, and without his showing any signs of even a momentary suffering.

A poor mulatto girl,—a slave,—has recently been tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress, and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder upon a dish of oysters, which made some members of the family sick. It came out in the course of the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design. The powder being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the girl in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love powder, had sprinkled it upon the food, in order to make her mistress love her. It is a touching incident. She wished her mistress to love her.

It is known that in the year 1792, John Pollar, of Manchester, England, spun by machinery 278 hanks of yarn from 1 lb. of raw cotton, which formed a thread 132 miles in length. The quantity of cotton consumed in Great Britain in 1831, was 259,000 lbs.; supposing which to be spun in the same way, it would yield a thread 31,188,000,000 miles long. This thread would be of sufficient extent to tie one end of it to the tail of the looked for comet, and allow Mr. Chas. King, of Dartmoor memory, to hold the other. He might then ascertain its eccentricity, its identity, and aided by his well-known astronomical knowledge, furnish the world with some highly interesting information concerning the expected visiter.

Colonel Bouchette calculates the probable number of inhabitants in the British dominions in North America in the year 1847, at 2,400,000. He states that "the tract of country bordering the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, from Point au Baudet, to Lake Ontario, the northern side of that Lake and of Lake Erie, up to Lake St. Clair, and of the communication between it and Lake Huron, a distance little short of five hundred and seventy miles, and stretching northward from the water to a depth varying from fifty to eighty miles, is composed of a soil, which for productive richness, variety, and applicability to the highest purposes of Agriculture, may challenge competition with the choicest tracts in the new world."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A vessel sailed on Sunday, numbered nine—the ring leader in Second street near Spruce, and stole from the theatre in the parlor, a large gilded candlestick, and left the room just in season to be detected. The high constables have him in their kindly keeping.

We understand that Mr. J. S. Brown, has made arrangements to open the splendid establishment at Laurel Hill, in the course of next week.

In November last, a case of silver ware, and a case of robes for priests, with ornaments for the same, were imported in the Ship Sully, from Havre, consigned to Rev. Joseph Hughes of Philadelphia, being a present to St. John's (Catholic) Church in Thirteenth street, from the Carmelite Convent of Rouen, France. The Custom-house duties amounted to three hundred and sixty-three dollars. Mr. Hughes has petitioned Congress for the return of those duties, and a bill has been reported accordingly.

On Sunday afternoon, about four o'clock, at the corner of Third and Spruce streets, a carriage full of drunken sailors, turned the corner with great speed. A boy, standing at the corner was run over, and had his face very much bruised, and his leg broken, upon which the whole party set up a hoot, and drove off at full speed.

An ark of coal, the first this season, arrived at Chesnut street wharf, Schuylkill, from Pottsville on Monday. The news of the arrival soon circulated, and the freight of the ark was quickly disposed of, at seven dollars per ton. In a day or two, and we have no doubt but we shall have an abundant supply, for this market at least.

By a joint resolution, which has passed both houses, the State Legislature will adjourn on Thursday, the 12th of April, and not to meet in an extra session, to distract the State, on Tuesday, the 29th of May.

At a public meeting of Young Men, held at the Napoleon House a few evenings since, it was resolved to expediate to form an association, to be called the Washington Association of Young Men, for the proper celebration of the 22d of February.

On Wednesday, between twelve and one o'clock, a fire broke out in a frame house, at the N. E. corner of Cowman and Fifth streets, occupied by blacks. It appears that they were burning shavings in the garret, which caught and burnt part of the roof. No other injury was done.

It is deliberately proposed, though an afternoon paper, that the National Republicans abandon Mr. Clay, and the Anti-masons Mr. Wirt, in order that both parties may unite upon Judge M'Lean, as the opposition candidate for the Presidency.

A man named Ann Martin, was found dead by the road side in Attleboro', the 16th ult., nearly frozen, and covered with snow. In his pocket was found a bottle of gin.

A man named Simmons was drowned in Tuscarawas river, Ohio, 11th ult., while attempting to wade across, being much intoxicated.

One hundred and fifty or two hundred carpenters and caulkers would find immediate employment and liberal wages, on contract for four or six months, at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

The Baltimore Republican of Tuesday says:—"The Union Canvas' Line Steam Boat, left Philadelphia yesterday morning at ten minutes past six o'clock, and arrived here at ten minutes past three, making the whole passage in nine hours, and put us in possession of the morning papers of that city at fifteen minutes past three o'clock.

The rose novel trade of noticing the 22d, was not a party of young ladies, who passed a resolution to wear, for fifteen days, a cockade in their skirt tail!

The dwelling and out-house of Philip Hays, Esq. about ten miles from Baltimore on the York road, were destroyed by fire on Sunday last.

Mr. H. Sackland, master builder, fell from a third story window in Boston, last Saturday, and was instantaneously killed.

A western paper speaks of a visitor who breakfasted at the table of Maj. John M'Intyre, Indiana, where was served a healthy South baby, 129 years old. Her sight is better than it was at 80—28 ratio age. She came to Philadelphia in 1777.

Exchange Income and Expenditure.—The public income and expenditure for the year ending 5th January, 1831, has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The expenditure for the year is £47,135,598 3s. 11d. [$230,957,443] and the income £46,424,446 17s. 11d. showing an excess of expenditure over income of £656,665 5s. 11½d.

Elizabeth Halsted committed suicide, by means of opium, at St. Catharine, Upper Canada, on the 2d instant, because her husband refused to take her to a place of public amusement the night previous.

By a calculation it appears, that allowing thirty-two years for a generation, and reckoning 3,287 years from Adam to the present time, that 14,180,000,000 of human beings have existed on the earth since the system of our globe commenced.

The steamer Hibernia arrived at New Orleans on the 15th ult. from Lindeville, reports the loss of the Steamer Amazon, at Pumpkin Island—the cargo, it is supposed will also be lost.

We learn by the Providence Daily Advertiser, that the Jury on Saturday evening brought in a verdict of murder in the highest degree against Amasa Worsley, for the murder of Burke.

Admiral Sir R. H. Bickerton lately died in England, he swells the list of deaths of Admirals since the accession of William IV. to twenty-six. The death of General Ross make the number of Generals in the same time twenty-four.

The Ontario Repository says—The Canal Commissioners have given directions to the superintendents of the Erie Canal to have it in readiness for navigation by the 20th of April. It is apprehended, however, that the damage by the late flood will prove so extensive, that it will not be possible to make the necessary repairs by that time, unless the weather should prove extremely favorable."

It has lately been discovered, says an English journal, that the best paper for wrappers, waiting and printing, may be produced from wood shavings, boiled in mineral or vegetable alkali. One hundred pounds of wood and twelve pounds of alkali will produce a ream of paper.

The Commissioners appointed by the Legislature to open books for the subscription of stock in the Wilmington, and Susquehanna Rail Road, have fixed upon the first day of May next, for that purpose, when books will be opened here in Wilmington and Philadelphia.

We learn, says the Windsor Republican, from Vermont, N. H. that the dwelling house of James Kent, Esq. was consumed by fire, on Wednesday night last. The only particulars we gather, and those are of the most heart-rending nature, are, that three daughters of Mr. Kent, *perished in the flames!*

We learn that a little girl, on Friday, in South Fourth street, was standing near the fire, with some Cologne water, when, accidentally, some of it dropped into the fire, and the whole was at once in a blaze. The child was burnt so severely that she subsequently died.

Grease is now carried from Baltimore to this city; a short time ago this article was received from Boston.

It appears from a statement recently submitted to Congress, that the quantity of salt lying in the public stores on the first of January, eight-en hundred and thirty one, was sixty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven bushels, and that within the six months previous to that date, there were offered to be stored, one hundred and eight thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven bushels.

Mosette has dramatised Balwer's last novel, Eugene Aram, and the piece has already been performed at the Surrey Theatre, London. A London critic, speaking of it, says:—"The piece abounds with scenes of intense interest—was played to a crowded house, and announced for repetition amidst the loudest applause."

A patent has been taken out by persons in Massachusetts, for a new softening for hats, in which gum copal is an ingredient; which is expected to diminish the consumption of shellac.

The report of the existence of a case of Cholera at Topsham has turned out—a humbug. The editor of the Portland Advertiser publishes a letter from Dr. M'Keen, in which he says the whole neighborhood is exempt from every thing like tolerable disease. To this the editor of the Advertiser adds,—"Since the above was in type, we have received visit information that the report so industriously circulated of the existence of the Cholera at Topsham, has not the slightest foundation in truth."

A Freeborn N. Y. paper says—" A cause was tried before a magistrate in the village last week, which may be of some benefit to make police. The stage in passing the summit at Jones creek, a few days since, struck against a sawing that lay within the bounds of the highway, which threw a passenger out and injured him severely. The passenger prosecuted the owner of the log, and recovered forty-seven dollars damages."

The Scarlet Fever is quite prevalent at Norfolk. In some instances three persons in one family have fallen victims to it.

The Small Pox is now prevailing at Rahway, N. J. and several cases have proved mortal.

The Greensborough Patriot, of the 4th inst. states, that on Saturday evening last, Henry, infant son of Henry Humphreys, Esq. of that place, aged between five and six years, while playing with the boys who were tending the cotton machine of his father, was accidentally caught between the cog wheel and mill-race, and literally crushed to pieces. The little sufferer struggled a few minutes and expired.

While the United States Court at New Orleans was engaged lately in the trial of George W. Taylor, on a charge of counterfeiting, the office of the Court was broken open, and robbed of sundry bills of indictment against the said Taylor, and also of some plates of counterfeit notes, which had been used in evidence against him.

Mr. Samuel Holsby, mate of the schooner Ariel, while engaged in extricating the rigging of his vessel in Boston, which had become entangled with another, fell from the cross trees, dislocated his hip, broke his arm, and received other injuries, which caused his death in two hours.—He was forty-five years of age, and has left a wife and five children.

The debtors' apartment of the Allegheny county jail, was completely empty on the 17th ult. Would that we could say the same of all the county jails in Pennsylvania!

The Charleston Courier of a late date says:—"We understand that the new ship Robert Morris, Capt. Dyer, of Canton, which cleared on Friday last for Liverpool, has never had any ardent spirits consumed on board, since she was launched, and the crew shipped here for the present voyage, have engaged to abstain from their use—another evidence of the beneficial effects of temperate societies."

We learn, says the Augusta (Ga.) Courier, by a letter just rec'd from Athens, that our University is in a state of prosperous repose, which had not a speedy end in the stage fort.

Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia, offers $400 reward for the apprehension of John and James West, charged with the murder in November last of James Lockridge, in Carroll county. James West is about six feet high, and weighs two hundred pounds, fair complexion, light hair, has lost one or more fingers, but not perceivable if not closely examined. John West is about five feet ten inches high, dark complexion, dark hair, has a small cut off one of his lips. Both he and James West are quick spoken.

It is stated in the Commercial Advertiser, that the work engraved by Col. Stone, editor of that paper, on Masonry and Anti-masonry, has been put to press, and will be published on the first of June ensuing.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Now this is wonderful society.—Shakespeare.

Tuesday.—A woman, apparently fifty years of age, was the first prisoner brought up this morning. She had been found near the Schuylkill river, in a beastly state of intoxication, and was taken to the watch-house in a most helpless condition. She informed his honor that she had been over Schuylkill, on Monday, on a visit to one of her sons, and that when about starting to her own residence, at the Old Ferry Inn, he had given her a hearty drink of good spirits, to fortify her for the long walk. She was fined and discharged.

Several drunken cases were disposed of, the examination of which exhibited no new feature in that most demoralizing vice, and their publication would consequently promote no good object. The haunted wretches who are usually found intoxicated in our streets, are those whom no expression of contempt or ridicule can reach. Punishment of a character likely to be remembered, is the only fitting sentence which such should receive. Admonitions and reprimands make no impression upon the wretch whose heart is insensible to the ties of family and kindred.

Some amusement was afforded in the examination of two disorderly female objects, brought up by watchman Arrison, who had found them asleep last night on Water street. The first, who gave his name Timothy Gubbins, was not a bad representation of Shakspeare's Bardolph. His nose was a most luminous beacon, lighting his pathway before him, and shedding a sprightly influence over his countenance. His dress was of the most wretched character—all gustingly filthy and ragged, and hanging together by threads. When the charge was made he appeared very anxious to speak. When he was allowed, he proceeded thus:—

Your worship, don't judge me over unrighteously, till ye know as how who I be. My name is, may it please ye, Timothy Gubbins, a decent man when he's sober, and a clever one at all other times, which, to tell the truth on't, is as trip all the times. He somever, yere worship, this time I had the shakes, and I couldn't walk at all, if I wasn't pretty well soaped."

The other prisoner called himself Joseph Yeates, a gardener, late in the employ of Judge Peters. He appeared a good deal mortified at the remarks uttered by his companion as to sobriety, and attempted several times, by a brilliant display of eloquence, in his own way, to do away the ill impression which he had reason to fear it had created. He even mocked with, "My most worthy judges" and ran on in a lofty style of exposition, until he was stopped by his honor, and ordered to pay his fine, and go to his work.

Mr. H—— was had in custody, a young man, entirely of too respectable appearance to be placed in a dock with vagrants, as it is we have noticed above. He was discovered in Sixth street above Race, at a late hour last evening, in a high state of excitement, and making much disturbance. When *Mr. Hood* first noticed him, he appeared to be enacting the part of Tom, as he loudly vociferated for Jerry to come and knock down the Charleys. As he did not, however, he thought it prudent not to attack them single-handed, and he thereupon beat a parley, and commenced wheedling Mr. H. with soft words. Mr. H. tried to get him last w., but finding that impossible, took him to the watch-house.

This morning, to remove the dishonorable imputations which had been urged against him, he entered into an exposition of his character, which, if true, as we have every reason to believe, points him out as a fit subject of pity, rather than an ob, of deserving sentence and punishment. He was discharged.

A watchman passing Decatur street, at 12 o'clock last night, found at the door of a printing office, an old white-headed stick fellow, at ning in a state of apparent insensibility. The watch rot, wel him, and asked where he lived. His answer, if he had an answ, for he lived in Virginia. To the watchman he became rather more communicative, for he was able to a sert, to the captain that he lived in South street. He said he had taken a walk out in the evening, and when some distance from home, he had lost his way. He asked directions of several, and was told to follow certain lights. He did so, and got bewildered, and further from home than before. He was fined.

One Job Dutton, from the land of watermelons and sweet potatoes, was arrested last night in the Fish Market, where he had comfortably coiled himself up in a huckster's basket. He said he has come to market with a load of Jersey pills, intending when he "sold out" to go on a fishing cruise for shad. The found ready sale for his cargo, and being encouraged by flattering prospects, he invested the proceeds in a speculation. It proved unprofitable, as rather the cod proved that he was enclosed by a swindler. Night came on him unawares, and knowing no one here, he had no other resort, than to take lodgings where he did.

Job's case should serve as a warning to inexperienced country lads coming to the city alone. They meet with flattering offers and temptations at every step, and are too often led on, until they are completely fastened in the coils of some wily villain.

Wednesday.—This morning several young men attached to two hose companies, located in the south-eastern part of the city, were brought up by watchman Arrison, who had found them asleep last night on Water street. The first, who gave his name Timothy Gubbins, was not a bad representation of Shakspeare's Bardolph. His nose was a most luminous beacon, lighting his pathway before him, and shedding a sprightly influence over his countenance. His dress was of the most wretched character—all gustingly filthy and ragged, and hanging together by threads. When the charge was made he appeared very anxious to speak. When he was allowed, he proceeded thus:—

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CONGRESS.

In Senate,—Friday, March 30th, 1832.

THE TARIFF.

After the reception of sundry petitions and reports, Mr. Dickerson, from the Committee on Manufactures, made a report, accompanied by the following bill:—

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That from and after the — day of ——— next, the following articles of merchandise, when imported into the United States in vessels of the United States, may be entered free of duty, to wit:—All teas imported from China, or any other place east of the Cape of Good Hope, coffee, cocoa, almonds, figs, currants, raisins, prunes, plums, dates, grapes, filberts, black pepper, cayenne pepper, cinnamon, cloves, cassia, nutmegs, mace, pimento, ginger, capers, camphor, indigo, madder, madder root, gum arabic, gum senegal, shellac, lac dye, lintseed, rape seed and hemp seed oil, sumac, argol, wood or pastel, barks, roots, nuts, nuts and berries used in dyeing, tamaric, tortoise shell, sponge crude saltpetre, saffron, sago, olives, India rubber, brass in plates, Peruvian bark, juniper berries, oil of juniper, cochineal, ivory unmanufactured, opium, corks, quicksilver, aloes, ambergris lungundy pitch, calomel, chamomile flowers, coriander seed, cantharides, castanas, catsup, chalk, cuculus indicus, coral, corrosive sublimate, cutlasses, daggers, dirks, down and feathers of all kinds, epaulets and wings of gold and silver, filtering stones, tinfoil, frankincense, gamboge, hair pencils, hangers, hemlock, henbane, horses, horn plates for lanthorns, ipecacuanha, ivory black, laudanum, macaroni, nailstones, musk, nuts of all kinds, rattans unmanufactured, reeds unmanufactured, rhubarb, rotten stone, sabres, spy-glasses, telescopes, tamarinds in sugar or molasses, bristles, ox horns and all other horns and tips, parts of watches, sextants, quadrants, paintings, drawings, tin in plates and sheets, quills and flax.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That instead of the duties now payable by law on the following articles of merchandise, when imported into the United States, there shall be levied and collected on the same when imported in vessels of the United States, from and after the — day of ——— next, the following duties, to wit:—On all teas imported from any other place than above specified, or in vessels not of the United States, ten cents per pound. *Provided*, That nothing herein contain shall affect the rights of foreign vessels secured by treaty.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the several articles of merchandise enumerated in this act, which have been, or shall be hereafter, put into the custom house stores, under the bond of the importer, and shall remain under the control of the proper officer of the Customs on the — day of ——— next, shall be subject to no other duty than if the same were imported respectively after that day.

Mr. Forsyth moved to re-commit it to the Committee of Manufactures with a view to have a bill reported which should comprise all the subjects connected with a permanent revenue.

Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Clay successively opposed this motion, on the ground that a report on this class of protected articles required a variety of information which was necessary to just and enlightened legislation, which the Committee were endeavoring to obtain, and which the Secretary of the Treasury was also engaged in procuring from various parts of the country; that, as soon as all the information was received which was necessary and attainable, the committee would report; and that in the mean time the Senate could act on the bill now reported, as it was not indispensably connected with the other branch of the subject. It was urged that the present motion struck at the root of the protective policy, and its decision would decide whether the system was to be abandoned or sustained.

An animated debate, of nearly five hours' duration, took place on the motion to re-commit—in which it was advocated by Messrs. Hayne, Miller, Smith, King, Mangum, Benton, Brown, and Forsyth, and was opposed by Messrs. Clay, Dickerson, Holmes, Foot, and Sprague.

Mr. Dallas also opposed the motion to re-commit, but proposed a middle course, which was to lay the bill on the table.

Mr. Marcy objected to this course, unless it was proposed that the bill lie on the table until the Committee on manufactures should report on the protected class of articles.

Mr. Tazewell, to guard against being taken by surprise at any time, by a motion to call up the bill, and to make sure that it should not be taken up until the Committee reported on the whole subject, wished that it should be made the order for some particular distant day, some day in May next. He then proceeded to argue against the present bill—urging especially a suggestion before submitted by him, that the bill being strictly a revenue bill, although, proposing to reduce duties, could not constitutionally be originated in the Senate.

Mr. Dickerson replied to Mr. T. on the constitutional question.

Mr. Dallas then renewed his motion to lay the bill on the table—pledging himself not to call it up until the committee should report further, or until it should appear that no further report would be made. He did not desire to act on the bill at present; but he did not wish, by re-committing it, to place it out of the power of the Senate to act on it hereafter, if it should think fit.

Mr. Buckner rose to address the Senate on the subject, and to give him an opportunity of doing so, Mr. Dallas offered to waive his motion temporarily; but the Vice President decided that as the Yeas and Nays had been ordered on Mr. Dallas' motion, he had not the power to withdraw it, and Mr. Buckner of course could not proceed.

The question was then put on the motion to lay the bill on the table, and was decided in the affirmative, by Yeas and Nays, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Bell, Chambers, Clay, Clayton, Dallas, Dickerson, Dudley, Ewing, Frst, Frelinghuysen, Hendricks, Holmes, Johnson, Knight, Marcy, Poindexter, Prentiss, Robbins, Ruggles, Seymour, Sibbee, Sprague, Tazewell, Tyson, Tomlinson, Waggaman, Webster—27.

NAYS.—Messrs. Benton, Bibb, Brown, Buckner Ellis, Forsyth, Grundy, Hayne, Hill, Kane, King, Mangum, Miller, Moore, Robinson, Smith, Tromp, Tyler, White—19.

The Senate then adjourned.

The Schuylkill Navigation open and closed again.—The Miners Journal of Saturday says:—"The business of transportation on our navigation has commenced—the first boat having taken her departure on Wednesday, during the present week, freighted with coal destined for the New York Market. Loud cheers and several salutes of fire arms testified the unmingled satisfaction of the spectators. A prosperous voyage and good luck to her."

"Since the above was in type we regret to learn that a breach has occurred in the navigation at the Peacock locks, situated nine miles on this side of Reading, the embankment connected with his same having given away, which we are informed will be repaired within a few days."

"*No great loss without some small Gain.*"—The prevalence of the Cholera in England has given a new impulse to the cause of Temperance in that country: it being a well ascertained fact that this terrible disease traces out a drunkard with almost as sure a scent as a bloodhound the object of its pursuit. It is indeed a melancholy remedy for intemperance: yet if Providence sees fit thus to purify the moral elements of society, who shall dare to complain? Let rum drinkers in America take warning, while yet the curse is a stranger to our shores.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Jealousy and Suicide.—A melancholy occurrence took place last week, at Manchester, Va. A man named Streeter, and his wife, who had been married about a twelve month, were both drowned in the Mo. ay. It appears that on that fatal day, happily for them, and on the day of the accident they had, it is supposed, a quarrel, when the wife attempted to drown herself, and was unfortunately joined by her husband in the act, when both were unfortunately drowned. When taken out of the water the man is quite dead, his hand grasping the woman's hair. Life in her quite extinct in her, but about an hour after died. An inquest has since been held on the bodies, and a verdict of "Found Drowned" returned.

The house of Mr. Andrews, on the road leading to Newport, was a mile from Wilmington, was entered on Wednesday night last, the 28th ult. for the purpose, as is supposed, of robbing it. One of Mr. A.'s sons, in endeavoring to discover the place in which the villains were concealed, was fired upon, by one of them, from a pistol, the ball of which entered the skirt of his night-gown, and entered the bottom of a chair, he then escaped. The latter was uncovered from the blood which flowed from it, must have been severely wounded; but he, likewise, succeeded in making his escape.

The copyright of Lemuel Delavigne's new tragedy Louisa, has been sold to a Paris bookseller for eight thousand francs.

Georgia.—The following, from the National Intelligencer of Thursday, 29th ult., contains information from Georgia, of a more specific and definite character, than any of our previous advices:—

"From Georgia we learn, through a private channel, that the Mandate of the Supreme Court of the States, in the case of S. A. Worcester, vs. the State of Georgia (the Cherokee case) having been delivered to the Court to which it was addressed, a motion was made by the Counsel for Mr. Worcester, to reverse the judgment of the Court, according to the judgment of the Supreme Court, and that the motion was refused by the Court. A motion was then made that the Mandate of the Supreme Court should be placed on the record of the Court, accompanied by a motion for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and that this motion was also refused. The argument of those motions occupied two or three days, and the decisions were rendered without any written opinion thereon. Finally, a request was preferred for a certified statement of these decisions of the Court, and it was denied; the Judge taking the ground, as we had anticipated of *disregarding*, altogether, the Mandate of the Supreme Court."

Thus Georgia not only refuses obedience to the Supreme Court of the United States, but does not even recognize the existence of the Court. If this be not *Nullification*, we know not what it is.

Gold! yellow, glittering Gold! How it blinds men's eyes, and perverts men's understandings! Although in the case of Eli Whitney, Georgia nullified the patent law, yet there was afterwards a time, when she held a sound creed upon the subject of the United States' Court, and placed her opinions upon record, in exact unison with the doctrines held by the Court itself. Towards the close of Mr. Jefferson's administration, Pennsylvania, it may be recollected, undertook to disregard a mandate of the Supreme Court, and ordered a brigade of militia to resist the Marshal. But President Jefferson was unyielding, and the State submitted—having long since become ashamed of the transaction. In the heat of her passion, however, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives be requested, to use their influence to procure an amendment to the constitution of the United States, that an impartial tribunal may be established to determine disputes between the general and state governments."

This resolution was promptly rejected by every State in the Union—and by none more readily and decisively than by Georgia, as the following extract from the legislative journals of that State will prove:—

STATE OF GEORGIA.

In Senate, 25th November, 1803.

"*Resolved*, That the amendment proposed to the Constitution of the United States, by a Resolution of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and approved by the Governor of that State the 3d day of April, 1809, in the words following, to wit: [here the same is hereby DISAPPROVED by the Legislature of this State, and that the Senators and Representatives in Congress, be requested to OPPOSE the said alteration."

But Georgia did not then know that the Indian lands abounded with GOLD! And this discovery makes all the difference!!

Buenos Ayres papers to the 4th February, have been received at Boston. The British Packet states that a decree was published the day previous, provided that no printing office shall be established without the previous permission of the Government; that no periodical whatever shall be published without such permission; nor without the name of the editor being attached to each number; and that only citizens of the republic shall receive such permission.

The London Medical Journal asserts that "there is no Asiatic Cholera in the country, but the common epidemic disease, and that this disease is not contagious. It is also asserted, that the 18 cases, in a population of a million and a half, has been blazoned forth for wicked purposes and mischievous intentation. Dr. Johnson observes, if the cholera comes to these shores, it will come shorn of its fatality, and coercible to a degree that will make the terrorists ashamed of themselves."

Dr. De Kay, of this city, who resided six months in Constantinople, has addressed a letter to the editors of the Evening Post on this subject, and observes, "The cholera is not contagious—my own experience is confirmed by that of every oriental physician with whom I consulted. It rarely attacked more than one in a family."

A gentleman from Poughkeepsie relates an occurrence which had occasioned much excitement in that place. A young woman of good character, living as a domestic in a family at a short distance below the village, went out on Sunday afternoon to a wood on the bank of the river, for the purpose of gathering winter-greens. She was found not long afterwards by some black people in the wood, dead, and with other appearances of shocking violence on her person. Two men, foreigners, have been apprehended on suspicion of having committed the crime.

Flemingsburgh, (Ky.) March 24.

Murder.—We learn from a gentleman who stopped at the tavern of Mr. Hord on Thursday evening last, the following melancholy particulars:—

On Saturday the 17th inst. Mr. William Lawson, who lived within a mile or two of Portsmouth, Ohio, came into town, having in possession about $30 in bank notes, out of which he bought articles to the amount of two or three dollars. He remained in town during that day, and indulged rather freely in the use of liquor.—Towards evening, however, he passed through the town, in a direction towards home, but on the following morning, Sunday, he was found at the outlet of the town nearly lifeless, and at first it was supposed that he might have been overcome with the cold. On the examination however by the doctors, it was subsequently discovered that his skull had been fractured by blows given by a club, and the money and articles he had with him being taken, it was evident that the person who had robbed him had also perpetrated the atrocious deed. Mr. Lawson lingered until the following evening, when he expired.—The deceased was at an advanced age in life, and in rather wealthy circumstances; and has a brother residing in this county.

Our informant also gave the detail of another melancholy deprivation of life which occurred on this side of the river, in Greenup, on the same Saturday evening. A Mr. Benjamin Morton, returning from gunning, came to a cooper or some other mechanic's shop, and laying down his gun in a careless manner, the load was discharged, and successively passed through his breast, neck and head, and he died instantaneously, even without a struggle.

A Young Hero.—We copy the following from the Wilmington Journal of Monday:—"The following extraordinary circumstances occurred about a fortnight ago, in the family of Mr. Gaglo, a respectable farmer, living at the junction of the Pronchtown and Red Lion roads, about eight miles from this city. Mr. Eagle and his wife had gone from home to spend the night, leaving in the house his son of about 12 years of age, a nephew of the same age, a daughter of about 8 years of age, and a negro boy and girl—the boy about 20 years of age. In the evening, when the children were about retiring for the night, the black boy came into the room and manifested the most brutal intentions towards the little girl, took up a loaded musket which was in the room, and threatened the boys with instant death if they interfered. The boys, who both displayed remarkable presence of mind and intrepidity throughout the whole affair, contrived to secure the musket, and forced the young ruffian from the room. After securing the door, the boys retired to their bed, and the little girl to hers, in the same room. They had been but a short time in bed, when the negro returned to the door, and with violent threats and imprecations began to force it with a heavy instrument, with which he broke through the panael, and was making his way into the room, when young Eagle, who had the musket along side of his bed, and was coolly watching the operation, took deliberate aim at the villain and shot him through the breast, of which wound he died in a few hours. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and found the facts as we related them."

At the latest dates there were fifteen theatres open in London, exclusive of such places as White Conduit House, where dramas are occasionally performed.

The following is a copy of an act passed by the Legislature of Virginia, in the course of the Session which has just ended:—

"*An act to amend an act, entitled, an act reducing into one the several acts concerning slaves, free negroes and mulattoes, and for other purposes;* prohibits slaves, free negroes and mulatto preachers, whether ordained or licensed, from preaching, exhorting, conducting or holding any assembly or meeting for religious or other purposes, either in the day or night, to be punished with stripes, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes for every offence, at the discretion of a justice of the peace; any person being authorized to apprehend the offender without a warrant previously obtained; prohibits slaves, free negroes or mulattoes from attending any such preaching or meeting conducted by negro preachers, or even by white preachers in the night time, without a written permit from their owners, overseers, masters, or their agents, to be punished for every offence in like manner; any person, however, permitted to take his slave with him to hear religious instruction, conducted by white ministers, in the night; slaves of any one owner not prevented from assembling at any time for religious devotion; declares that no free negro shall hereafter be capable of purchasing or acquiring permanent ownership, except by descent, in any slave other than his or her husband, wife,

THE MARKETS.

[illegible] PEACE CHARGE.

[illegible] per [illegible] from [illegible] wagon ... 6@6 25
[illegible] do. do. ... 6 00
[illegible] per bushel ... 1 00
[illegible] do. ... 90
[illegible] per bushel ... 1 25
[illegible] do. ... 1 12½
[illegible] do. ... 1 00
[illegible] do. ... 1 05
[illegible] do. ... 45
[illegible] do. per gallon, in hhds. ... 26
[illegible] do. do. in tabls. ... 28
[illegible] ... 62
[illegible] ... 11
[illegible] No. 1 do large, per lb. ... 10
[illegible] ... 12
[illegible] ... 7
[illegible] Country, per lb. ... 10
[illegible] ... 7
[illegible] ... 19
[illegible] ... 40
[illegible] ... 26
[illegible] ... 40
[illegible] Merino, per lb. ... 70
[illegible] ... 10
[illegible] ... 7
[illegible] ... 19
[illegible] ... 40
[illegible] ... 26
[illegible] ... 40
[illegible]

O spirits gay, and kindly heart,
Precious the blessings ye imparts

WERRY PEKOOLIAR;
OR, THE LIMPING LOVER.
Air—"*If Tattle and I'll come to you my lad.*"

Have you e'er been in love? if you hav'nt I have,
To the mighty god Kupid, I've been a great thlave!
He that in my bottom a quiver of harrows,
Like naughty boys those at cork rubbins and thparrows.
My heart was as pure as the white alllabathter,
Till Koopid my bothom weak did unermathter;
Then ye gods only know how I lov'd one Mith Julia,
There was thomething about her the werry pekoolier.
(Spoken.)

Werry, werry pekoolier—werry pekoolier indeed!
There was thomething about her the werery pekoolier.

We met first at a ball where our hands did entwine,
And I dot thgoodge her finger and she did thgoodge mine;
To be my next partner I ventured to preth her,
And I found that she lithp'd when she answer'd me 'yeth thir.'

Now in lithping I think there is thomething uncommon,
I love in perticuler, a lithp in an woman;
I'm thure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith Julia,
There was thomething about it the werry pekoolier.
Werry pekoolier, &c.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,
And then in her eyes there was thomething pekoolier:
Speaking volumes, it darted each glance to one's marrow,
As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow.
A thlight cauht in her eye to her looks added vigor,
A cauht in the eye often tends to disfigure:
But not tho the cauht in the eye of Mith Julia,
There was thomething about it the werry pekoolier.
Werry pekoolier, &c.

Gentle friends were we thoon, and midst smiles and midst tears,
I courted her nearly for three or four years,
I took her to plays and to balls—oh ye powers,
How thweetly and thwiftly did then pass my hours
But once, oh! e'er now I my feelings cant thmother,
She danced all the evening along with another;
I did'nt thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
But I couldn't help thinking 'twas werry pekoolier.
Werry pekoolier, &c.

I went next day to theuld, when she to my heart cure
Cut me up, by requething I'd cease them no more:
And I thould be affrected if longer I tarried,
For next week with another she was to be married.
God's Julia, thaid I, why you do not thay so;
Yeth but I do, thir, tho you'll better go;
Well, I shall go—but thurely you'll own a Mith Julia,
Your behaviour to me hath been werry pekoolier.
Werry pekoolier, werry pekoolier indeed, Mah,
Werry, werry, werry, pekoolier.
Tho' from that day to this I have never theen Julia
Her behaviour to me tho' was werry pekoolier.

ANECDOTE.—An Irishman who was strongly suspected of having feloniously appropriated a potion of his neighbor's wood pile to his own use, was charged with the theft and asked if he could deny it? "And hath that's a good one," replied he, "sure isn't it time enough to deny it when you're proved it?"

We find the following in a late Ohio paper:—The two-legged puppy who had the impudence to persevere in encouraging a young lady home from singing school, the other evening, after she had politely informed him that she was prevailed with company, may rest assured that should he repeat the like offence, he shall be compelled to breakfast the next morning, on the tail of one of Simon Snyder's toughest cowskins.

"Constable what hath he hair,
Mortar pestals pound him,
Carpenters smash his bones,
And leave him where they found him."
SIMON OXFORD.

EXTRACT FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Curtable.—A species of snapping turtle.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

My Dear.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman.—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Honesty.—An excellent joke.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Poetry.—A division of affected prose into lines of a certain length.

A DOG IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—An industrious waggoner, residing in Hanstead, who it was well known had saved a considerable sum of money, came to this city a few days since in the regular way of business, leaving his wife and children at home, with no other guardian than a great dog. About 10 o'clock on the first night of his absence, his little family was aroused by a low growling of the mastiff, which the wife kept in the same room with herself, rising up to quiet him she thought she perceived some one at the window, and upon looking more positive he sprang, and himself into the object "belted" through the casement. In the morning, the dog was found a sentinel over a strapping colored man, who was stretched dead at his feet.—This was an amiable woman and an infant, rescued from probable outrage and murder, and the husband's hard earnings from the clutches of the robber.—*N. Y. Com. Temp.*

THE THREE RACANS.—When Mademoiselle de Gournay arrived at Paris, she desired to see the Marquis de Racan, an eminent wit and poet. Two of his friends knew the time he had appointed for his waiting on her; and they resolved to be revenged on him for many a ridiculous affectation to which he had exposed them. One of these gentlemen, about two hours before the time appointed, waited on the lady and announced himself as Racan. He endeavored to talk of her own words, which he had purposely turned over the preceeding evening, and though he did not exactly satisfy a person of his abilities, besides committing some gross blunders, she thought that the Marquis was a very polite gentleman. He had just parted from her, when the Marquis de Racan was a second time announced. She naturally supposed he had forgotten some particular, and returned for this purpose, when to her great surprise, a stranger wholly different from the first marquis, entered the apartment. She could not help questioning him repeatedly if he was the *real* marquis, and informed him of what had just passed. The pretended Racan appeared very much hurt, declared he would be revenged of the insult the stranger had mutually offered them; but the unconscious of the lady softened the chiderness, and she was infinitely pleased with the second marquis, who exceeded the first in every respect. Scarcely had this second competitor issued, when the real Racan was announced! This began to exercise the patience of de Gournay. "What, more Racans is one morning!" she exclaimed, at the same time desiring he might be introduced. As soon as he entered she raised her voice and demanded if he meant to insult her? Racan, who at the best was an indifferent speaker, remained silent with astonishment. He muttered something; and de Gournay, who was naturally violent and irascible, imagined he was next to impose on her, and pulling off her slipper, she fell upon the real and unfortunate Racan with the rage of an irritated virago, and soon him gladly retreat from a visit where he had expected to have met with a very different reception.—*D'Israeli's Curios. Lit.*

LUDICROUS EFFECTS OF THE APPEARANCE OF COMET IN 1712.—This year Mr. Whiston having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance to-day, Wednesday, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition, that a conflagration of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. W. had long maintained, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of persons in and about London, seized on the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place, there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for nearly five years infirmed his wife, that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South sea stock immediately fell to five per cent. and the India to eleven, and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. The next morning however, the comet appeared according to the prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time about 123 clergymen *were* ferried over to Lambeth, it is said, to persons that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being room in the church service on that occasion. Three maids of honor burnt their collections of novels and plays, and sent to a bookseller to buy each of them a Bible, and bishop Taylor's Holy Living and dying. The run upon the bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out the specie. On Thursday, considerable more than 700 who kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole there, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire-offices in London, requiring to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye on the bank of England.

The Boston Evening Transcript, in noticing a number of new books, says—

"Mr John Punchard has published a volume, about the size of a three M pica quad, the general reader will doubtless know how later that id entaled 'Beauties of Sentiment, or an original collection of Moral Anecdotes for the Young.' It will prove an acceptable present to the class of readers for whose use it was compiled."

We think it not duty to be more explicit with such of our readers as are not conversant with printing materials, and therefore we shall say that "a three M pica quad," is "about as large as a piece of chalk."

EDITORIAL SPECK RISEN.—A western editor avails himself of the compliments of the season, to offer his services in Congress, in the following pithy but point-less paragraph:—"I mean if Birch, the senior editor of this paper, reciprocates with his friends and patrons the civilities and kind wishes of the season, and respectfully announces himself a candidate to represent the people of Mississippi, in the 23d Congress

A small object may cast a large shadow, and the hue of a man's nose reflect his whole character.

THE JERSEYMAN'S STUMP TAILD COW.

A few years since, a light-fingered wounded gent out of the Penitentiary, was proceeding to that great heart of the fraternity, Philadelphia, when he was overtaken by night and stroked into a New-Jersey farmer's cow house. After cleverly getting warm in his straw nest, he began to take a general view of his surroundings—he was near the Delaware, and hadn't a penny for the ferryman—and ferrymen are an unbending race, the world over; "Now, how to raise the wind, I'am somewhat at a loss;"—here casting his eye upon the Jerseyman's fine, fat milch cow, with a tail four inches long, that stood chewing her cud immediately in front of him—his face brightened and he exclaimed with a low laugh of exultation, "Odafish!—but I have it!" but then muttered immediately in a lower tone, "But the tail—no cursed conspicuous it's certain to betray me!—and how to remedy the evil—lets see."—Here he rose up from his hair, and, as St. Nicholas would have it, the first step he took brought his phiz in contact with the thing itself—a dry cow's hide, with a long sweep tail! His eyes sparkled for very joy, and falling to with assistance of a clear frosty moonlight, a few threads and some tar which he found in an old guard—soon had Stumpy's tail spliced in a workmanlike manner—so that it could not be easily detected. He now stopped off and took a good look at his handywork—the tail fit to a hair!—uttering another low laugh—"But shid!—an this take my brother ear save!—however, firm heart never won fair lady!" So, waiting until near daybreak, they were off, Scrape-grace and Stumpy, on their way to the Delaware—arriving at the ferry the rascal immediately invested himself with the blank phiz, gunky heaves, and brawling articulation of a right Jersey lumpkin—told the ferryman to take him over to Philadelphia, and that when he had sold his cow and returned, he would pay both for going and coming; which was agreed to by the ferryman, and he and his cow went on board. Among numerous and the belief of the Malonneians respecting their twelfth Imaum demonstrates. Now it chanced, many years since, that there lived on the borders a jolly, ranting horse-cowper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbors. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, leaving a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly unique dress, who to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him on the subject.—To Cuddie Beck, for so shall we call our border dealer, a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding in his chance but he would probably have cheated Old Nick into the bargain. The stranger paid the price agreed on, and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction, was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet pieces and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant he brought hopers in the same single journey, the purchaser only stipulating that he should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or some hope of gain mixed with it, but after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint, that since his chap must live in the neighborhood, he ought in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin. "You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger; "but if you loose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life." Dickson, however, laughed the warning to scorn, and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the *stranger* up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence mentioned between the most southern and centre peaks, and called, from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as famous for witch meetings as the neighboring windmill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hillside by a passage or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard of. "You may still return," said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables in every stall stood a coal black horse—by every horse lay a knight in coal black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand, but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which like those of the Caliph Vathuck, was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table. "He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword," said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas the Rhymer, "shall, of his heart feel him not, be lord over all bauld Britain. So speaks the Incarnate that cannot lie. But all depends upon courage, and much on your taking the sword or horn first." Dick was much disposed to take the sword first, but his blood spirit was quelled by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to undermine the sword first might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and blew a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall—horses and men started to life—the mail-armed, stamped, grinded their teeth, and tost on high their heads—the riders sprung to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword, but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words—

"Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistable fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose mould, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale after concluding which he expired.

Of all the absent people I ever know, the most remarkable was the late baron Nolkin, Chancellor of Swreden.—Two instances deserve to be related. He had one day to read to Prince Adolphus Frederick, a report of the privy council, which he very gravely took from his pocket, the house of his house, which he read nearly to the end, till the remarks of the prince at last made him sensible of his mistake. Another time he came into the prince's ante-chamber, where I was with several others, and asked for count Tessin. I answered him myself, that the count had just left the apartment. He went out in a very great haste, and came back, saying, that the officer in waiting affirmed that he was in the room. I replied, "Your Lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself, seen the count go out of the room." Nolkin went out a second time, and returned with a new assurance from the officer in waiting, on which a general laugh ensued that waked him out of his dream.—*Memoirs of Count Tessin.*

THE RATTLESNAKE.—The late Dr Thornton in a letter to Mr. Jefferson says, that the *Crotalus Horridus* (Rattlesnake) being peculiar to this country, is the finest emblem of the United States that can be found. It never acts but defensively—it never strikes without giving a fair warning, and when it does strike, it is fatal!

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA
AN UNCONNECTED TALE.
(Concluded.)

"Pride," said I, "is the devil, but ingratitude is the serpent's tooth, used to inflict torture upon an honest heart. Jupiter himself cannot annihilate an atom; but oh! Jupiter, enable me to enslave again that rascal Cæsar, consign him to the lowest pit of human misery." Doleful were my thoughts at the poor devil's anguish, when the scraping of an old cracked fiddle, to Mars and Venus, two of my freed slaves, gladdened my ear.

Says Venus, "my dear, is this what you call de Fandango?" "Yes," replied Mars, "yes, my love, only improved by Monsieur and Madame Ventres." Massa," exclaimed the scraper of catgut, "stretch your leg in style down the *pint* of right foot."

More of these laughable incidents would unquestionably be acceptable, but here, unfortunately,

THE "TAIL" KNDS.

LITERARY SQUINTING.

When is a thief not a thief?—When he's a-riding (a-riding.)
When is a man not a man?—When he's a shaving.
When is a man like a wooden leg?—When he's a coughing (a-coffin.)
When is a sailor not a sailor?—When he's a-board.
When is a ship not a ship?—When it's a-shore.
Why will not the aristocracy take Epsom Salts?—Because they are for working people.
Why is good conduct like loading water?—Because it raises a steam (a-dmires.)
Can the Leopard change his spot?—Yes. If he does not like one spot, he can go to another.

[From Thatcher's Essay on Ghosts, Apparitions, &c.]
ILLUSION.

The following article is contained in the Edinburgh Journal of Science, conducted by Dr. Brewster, who says of the narrator of the case, that his station in society and as a man of science, would authenticate the minutest particulars in his narrative, and satisfy the most scrupulous reader that the case has been investigated as well as faithfully described. The narrator is in fact the husband of the lady who was the subject of the disease.

"On the twenty-sixth of December, 1820, about half past four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. B. was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, my voice calling her by name.—Come here, come to me." She imagined that I was calling at the door to have it opened, went to it, and was surprised on opening it to find no one. She returned toward the fire, and again heard the same voice call, calling very distinctly and loudly, "Come here. She then queried two other alarms of the same room, but nearing no one, she returned to the fire place. After a few minutes, she heard the same voice still calling—Come to me, come, come away; this time in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly—' Where are you? I don't know where you are'—still imagining that I was in search of her, but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On my return to the house about half an hour afterwards, she informed why I had called her so often, and where I was; and was of course surprised to hear I had not been near the house at the time.

"On the 28th of the same month, at about 4 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. B. came down stairs into the drawing room, which she had quitted a few minutes before, and on entering the room, saw me, as she supposed, standing with my back to the fire. She addressed me, asked me how it was I had returned so soon. (I had left the house for a walk half an hour before.) She said I looked fiercely at her with a most piercing eye, and with an unusual frown; and was surprised at my conduct in thus returning so soon, and not speak. She supposed I was angry with her, and sat down in an arm chair, near the fire, and within a couple of feet of the spot of the figure she still saw standing before her. As, however, the eyes still continued to be fixed upon her, after a few moments she said—' Why don't you speak—' The figure upon this moved off towards the window at the further end of the room, the eyes still gazing on her, and passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. The idea then arose for the first time in her mind, that it was possible that the appearance (being a person of no sense and habituated) to account rationally for all these things the motion of any thing supernatural was out of the question.) She recollected however your having mentioned that there was a sort of experimentum crucis, applicable to these cases, by which a genuine ghost may be distinguished from one natural up by merely natural causes; namely, the pressing the eye to order to produce the effect of seeing double, when, according to your assertion, a true Tartarean ghost may be duplicated as well as every thing else, while the morbid ideal being, I am informed, is not affected in this manner of doing business.

"The advantages of the Stereograph mode of manufacturing these phantasms, customers of the security it affords against frauds by attendants, and their benefit and smooth surface, their low price, as no charge is made for plates, and their extreme rapidity of execution, and the last a security seat at tragedy. A Theatre of spectacles, with the recommendations of Bank Note Engravers, and other fine establishments, &c. may be seen at the office, No. 75 Dock street.

For Sale, the large State Map of Pennsylvania, with Canals and Rail Roads. apr 3—thsoutime

NEW SEMINARY, FOR YOUNG LADIES,
No. 1, School Avenue, Union Street, above Second.

ACOURTNEY LUDINGTON has the pleasure of announcing to the citizens of Philadelphia, one particularly to those of his friends who have so often solicited him to open a Seminary for Young Ladies, that he has opened one, of a character, which he trusts cannot fail to meet the approbation of an enlightened community. He has been peculiarly fortunate in being able to engage the assistance of Mr. ALEXANDER HALL, of Massachusetts; a Lady containing a reputation, as to education, talents, experience, and fidelity as a preceptress, of the very first order. By the arrangements which he has made, with the assistance of this gentleman, the general study pursued, together with his own personal attendance, every branch of useful and polite literature will be taught in the most thorough and efficient manner. He is determined that no exertions shall be wanting to render the institution not inferior, in point of utility and respectability, to any establishment of the kind, and will worthy the patronage of those, who have the welfare of the rising generation.

Those who do not wish to enter the school as regular pupils, but, who wish to acquire a neat, easy, and expeditious style of Penmanship, can be taught in the evenings, (from the hours of about two weeks, by attending from the hour of six to seven in the morning, and by associating in classes of four or five, the system will be very much reduced. Those who may wish to obtain a competent knowledge of the Mathematics, and whose other occupations allow them but two or three hours leisure in a day, may accomplish as desirable an object, by attending one hour each day at the Seminary for about one quarter.

Residence, No. 61 Union Street, near Fourth. march 31—

A Card.

JAMES WINTER continues cleaning and dressing Merino, Cassels Hair, Thibet and Crape Shawls, &c. the fringe curled. Also, Veils and Laces, the whole executed in a superior manner. Apply at his dwelling, 157 North Second Street, above Race Street. N. B. For sale, a patent Mangle, in good order. march 31—4t*

Byberry Boarding School
FOR BOYS.

THE course of instruction in this Seminary, will comprehend the usual branches of an English and Mathematical Education, viz. Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, Book Keeping, English Grammar, Composition, Geography with the use of Maps and Globes, Instruction in the Principles of Magic, History, the Elements of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Mensuration, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, and Astronomy.

The location of the School is pleasant and healthy, about 14 miles from Philadelphia, and 12 miles from the Bristol turnpike. A daily conveyance may be had from the city to the school, by the Holmesburg Stage, which starts from G. Voglo's, Second Street House, near Market street.

Terms of Admission—Twenty-five dollars per quarter, payable in advance, and one dollar twenty five cents for washing Books and Stationary furnished at the usual prices.

A vacation of two weeks will be given in each year, about the first of November. HENRY PIKE.
2nd mo. 1830. ROBERT PITTMAN.

N. B. The parents and friends of the pupils, will be entertained at a moderate charge.

REFERENCE.—Anthony P. Morris, No. 71 Chesnut st. Philadelphia; Nathan Shoemaker, M. D. 430 Chesnut street, do.; Isaac Townsend, Port Elizabeth, New Jersey; William Cooper, do.; Woolsey, do.; Thomas C. Worling, Trenton, do.; James C. Ireland, No. 36 Vandewater street, New York. march 31—6t

Borough of Bordentown.

FOR rent, a two story brick building, 24 feet by 18, recently built and occupied as a country store. It is situated in the centre of the Main street, within a few feet of the Rail Road, and is a good stand for sale of merchandize, or would make one of more than four rooms, which are much wanted in Bordentown. Apply to AIHN or R. S. MILES, in the possession. Bordentown, N. J. March 27, 1830. march 31—3t*

Burial Ground.

THE Union Burial Ground Association of the Northern Liberties, offer for sale a part of their ground, which is pleasantly situate on the north side of the Coal ground, in square of the Old Kensington Burial Ground, with a west aspect and the advantage of an excellent and Family Burial Lots of 8 by 10 feet, upon very reasonable terms.

A portion of said ground is reserved for single interments, the charge of which is *so moderate*, that persons of very limited circumstances can be accommodated.

Applications for Lots or single Interments to either of the following officers:

President—Daniel Smith, No. 207 Nourth st. above Green.
Secretary—Jos. Crout, No. 65 Apple, and 207 North Fifth street.
Treasurer—Jos. R. Paul, Old York Road, above Brown.
Trustees—Anthony Bierman, No. 42 Brown Street, below Second; Jacob Beaty, No. 136 Cedar Street, above Third; Daniel B. Smith, No. 207 Apple st.; John Penn, No. 96 Apple Street; Jacob Baumer No. 44 Brown Street, below Second; Jacob Paul, 193 York Road, above Brown Street; Jno. Rudolph, No. 411 Green Street; Mahlon Lukens, Poplar Lane above Percival Street; Matthias E. Rudt, corner of Fairmount and Poplar Lane. Jacob Maurer, No. 213 North Third Street; John Rheiner, Jr. Old York Road above Brown; or to George Thumiser, No. 29 Apple Street, Superintendent, who will rectify any theory was unfavourable. Before Mrs. B. was able distinctly to double her vision, my figure had retreated to the window and disappeared there. The lady followed, shook the curtains, and tried the windows, being still both to believe it was not a reality, so distinct and forcible was the impression. Finding, however, that there was no natural means of egress, she became convinced of having seen a spectral apparition, such as are recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and consequently felt no alarm on quitting the room. The appearance lasted four or five minutes. It was bright day light, and Mrs. B. is confident that the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality; and when standing close to her, it concealed, of course, the real objects behind it. The hearing told of this my visible appearance in the spirit, having been only audible a few days before, I was, as you may imagine, more alarmed for the health of the lady than for my own approaching death, or any other fatality the vision might be supposed to forbode. Still both the stories were so very much in vogue as ghost stories, the calls of the plaintive voice, each one louder than the preceding, the lucid eye and the mournful expression of the phantom, its noiseless step and spirit-like vanishing, were all so characteristic of the wraith, that I might have been unable to resist the influence of some disagreeable fancies, such as a mind once deeply saturated with the poison of nursery-tales cannot altogether banish, had it not been for a third apparition, at whose visit I myself assisted, a few days afterwards, and which I think is the keystone of the case, rendering it as complete as could be wished.

On the fourth of this month, January, 1830, five days after the last apparition, at about ten o'clock at night, I was sitting in the drawing room with Mrs. B. and in the act of stirring the fire, when she exclaimed, 'Why there's the cat in the room!' I asked her where? She replied, 'There close to you.' 'Where?' I repeated. 'Why, on the rug, to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle.' I had the poker in my hand, and I pushed in the direction mentioned. 'Take care,' she cried out, 'take care, you are hitting her with the poker.' I again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, 'Why sitting up there close to your feet, on the rug: she is looking at me. It is kitty, come here kitty.' There are two cats in the house, one of which went by this name. They are rarely, if ever, in the drawing room. At this time, Mrs. B. was not aware that the cat was dead, and that it was an illusion. I asked her to touch it. She got up for the purpose, and seemed, too, as if she was pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said—' It has gone under that chair.' I told her it was an illusion. She would not believe it. I lifted up the chair: there was nothing there, nor did Mrs. B. see any thing more of it. I searched the room all over and found nothing. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have betrayed great uneasiness had a cat been in the room. He was perfectly quiet. In order to be quiet certain, I rang the bell and sent for the cats. They were both found in the housekeeper's room. The most superstitious person could now doubt no longer as to the real character of these illusory appearances, and the case is as complete, that I hope there will be no renewal of them, symptomatic as they of course are of a disordered state of body. I am sorry to say Mrs. B. as well as myself, forgot to try the experimentum crucis in the cat. Mrs. B. has naturally a morbidly sensitive imagination, so strongly affecting her corporeal impressions, that the story of any person having severe pain by accident or otherwise, will occasionally produce severe twinges of pain in the corresponding part of her own body. For instance, of the supposition of an arm, will produce an instantaneous and severe sense of pain in her own arm; and so of other relations.

FRENCH FUN.—A poor fellow, called "Honest Jack Brown," well known in the neighborhood of St. Giles's, who got his living as a fisherman, was found drowned on Wednesday last, near to the Red House, Battersea.

Jack Brown, who has here, was nothing one day,
And Death, for amusement, was taking that way.
The poor fellow was hook'd, and caught up in a crack—
He little thought Death was angling for a *Jack!*

A friend of ours was in treaty with G——, the horse-dealer (who died the other day) for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by £10. Next morning, however, making up his mind to offer it on the difference, he passed off to the yard, when the first person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe?" said he. "No, master has mail," said Joe; "but he left word you're to have the mare!"—*Spectator.*

SUPERIOR ENGRAVINGS.

THE Subscriber having recently purchased all the elegant and beautifully engraved copperplates of *Rees's Cyclopedia*—in number 1,100 quarto and 25 folio—is desirous to announce to gentlemen of taste in the engraving of which case, originally, over eighty thousand dollars, about a great portion of them for sale. He will dispose of them in sets, embracing a part of the whole of any particular subject, for the accommodation of those about publishing scientific works and will supply to purchasers any number of printed copies to complete broken sets of Rees's Encyclopedia. He will also sell the whole of the plates separately, all in excellent condition. R. C. ATKINSON,
No. 19 Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia.

The following Catalogue embraces a portion of the plates, which may be obtained by an early application.

Subjects.	Plates	Subjects.	Plates	Subjects.	Plates
Agriculture,	47	Furnaces,	5	Fluxing,	2
Algebra,	1			Fluxed Muscular Motion,	2
Anatomy,	8	Gardening, Hot House,	3	Forging,	2
Atlas, Vol. 1, fol.	31	Gunnery,	13	Instruments,	16
Atlas, Vol. 2, fol.	38	Gunlock,	1	Injection,	6
Astronomy, 1 fol.	28	Gunpowder,	1	Inspection,	10
Astronomical Instruments,	9	Gunnery,	1	Porter Brewing,	1
Architecture, 1 fol.	10			Pottery,	1
Armour,	3	Heraldry,	13	Propositional Conclusions,	1
Artillery,	3	Hydraulics,	2	Pyrotechny,	1
		Hydrostatics,	2	Portraits,	10
Botany,	15	Ichthyology,	1	Silk Manufacture,	1
Beam Engine,	1	Iron Manufacture,	7	Schenography,	1
Brick Machinery at Portsmouth,	9			Shadows,	3
Bleaching,	1	Lamps,	9		
Bees' Bodies and Pieces,	1	Logic,	1	Sculpture,	6
		Light,	1	Sloop, Rigging &c.	9
Canals,	1	Light House,	1	Short Hand,	1
Cards,	1			Steam Engine,	10
Carpentry,	3	Magnetism,	1	Spinning Jenny,	1
Cotton Machine,	1	Mammoth,	1	Stocking Frame,	1
Cannon Making,	3	Masonry,	1	Stone,	1
Canal Making,	1	Mechanics,	1	Surgery,	12
Casting,	2	Mechanical Powers,	1	Surveying,	1
Canals,	2	Mail Wagon,	2	Sugar Mill,	1
Chymical Apparatus,	1	Military Manœuvres,	1		
Chymical Instruments,	1	Miscellaneous,	7	Telegraph,	1
Composition,	1	Mineralogy,	11	Turning,	1
Comets,	11	Music Scales,	1		
Comic Miscellaneous,	11	Music, Violin,	25	Vegetable Anatomy,	9
Cyclopedia,	15	Musical Instruments,	1	Volcano,	1
Cutlery,	1			Vermeulogy,	1
		Naval Architecture,	1	Vulcanism,	1
Dwelling,	1	Navigation,	10	Various Subjects,	1
Drawing,	4	Navigation,	4		
Drawing Instruments,	1	Oil Mill,	1	Water Wheels,	9
		Optics,	10	Water Works,	1
Electricity & Electrical Machines,	10	Organ,	2	Weather Measurer,	1
Engine,	3	Paper Mill,	1	Weaving Machine,	3
Early Printing,	1	Pencil Mill,	1	Writing by Cypher,	1
Fountains,	1	Perspective,	13	Wind Mill,	1
Burial Ground Census,	1	Planetary Machine,	1	Winding Engine,	1
		Pyrometer,	1	Wire Mill,	1
Factory,	1	Plan of Docks at Liverpool and London,	1	Weaving Machine,	2
Fortification,	1			Zoology,	1

NEW SEMINARY, FOR YOUNG LADIES,
No. 1, School Avenue, Union Street, above Second.

ACOURTNEY LUDINGTON has the pleasure of announcing to the citizens of Philadelphia, one particularly to those of his friends who have so often solicited him to open a Seminary for Young Ladies, that he has opened one, of a character, which he trusts cannot fail to meet the approbation of an enlightened community. He has been peculiarly fortunate in being able to engage the assistance of Mr. ALEXANDER HALL, of Massachusetts; a Lady containing a reputation, as to education, talents, experience, and fidelity as a preceptress, of the very first order. By the arrangements which he has made, with the assistance of this gentleman, the general study pursued, together with his own personal attendance, every branch of useful and polite literature will be taught in the most thorough and efficient manner. He is determined that no exertions shall be wanting to render the institution not inferior, in point of utility and respectability, to any establishment of the kind, and will worthy the patronage of those, who have the welfare of the rising generation.

Those who do not wish to enter the school as regular pupils, but, who wish to acquire a neat, easy, and expeditious style of Penmanship, can be taught in the evenings, (from the hours of about two weeks, by attending from the hour of six to seven in the morning, and by associating in classes of four or five, the system will be very much reduced. Those who may wish to obtain a competent knowledge of the Mathematics, and whose other occupations allow them but two or three hours leisure in a day, may accomplish as desirable an object, by attending one hour each day at the Seminary for about one quarter.

Residence, No. 61 Union Street, near Fourth. march 31—6t*

A Card.

JAMES WINTER continues cleaning and dressing Merino, Cassels Hair, Thibet and Crape Shawls, &c. the fringe curled. Also, Veils and Laces, the whole executed in a superior manner. Apply at his dwelling, 157 North Second Street, above Race Street. N. B. For sale, a patent Mangle, in good order. march 31—4t*

Byberry Boarding School
FOR BOYS.

THE course of instruction in this Seminary, will comprehend the usual branches of an English and Mathematical Education, viz. Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, Book Keeping, English Grammar, Composition, Geography with the use of Maps and Globes, Instruction in the Principles of Magic, History, the Elements of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Mensuration, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, and Astronomy.

The location of the School is pleasant and healthy, about 14 miles from Philadelphia, and 12 miles from the Bristol turnpike. A daily conveyance may be had from the city to the school, by the Holmesburg Stage, which starts from G. Voglo's, Second Street House, near Market street.

Terms of Admission—Twenty-five dollars per quarter, payable in advance, and one dollar twenty five cents for washing Books and Stationary furnished at the usual prices.

A vacation of two weeks will be given in each year, about the first of November. HENRY PIKE.
2nd mo. 1830. ROBERT PITTMAN.

N. B. The parents and friends of the pupils, will be entertained at a moderate charge.

REFERENCE.—Anthony P. Morris, No. 71 Chesnut st. Philadelphia; Nathan Shoemaker, M. D. 430 Chesnut street, do.; Isaac Townsend, Port Elizabeth, New Jersey; William Cooper, do.; Woolsey, do.; Thomas C. Worling, Trenton, do.; James C. Ireland, No. 36 Vandewater street, New York. march 31—6t

Borough of Bordentown.

FOR rent, a two story brick building, 24 feet by 18, recently built and occupied as a country store. It is situated in the centre of the Main street, within a few feet of the Rail Road, and is a good stand for sale of merchandize, or would make one of more than four rooms, which are much wanted in Bordentown. Apply to AIHN or R. S. MILES, in the possession. Bordentown, N. J. March 27, 1830. march 31—3t*

Burial Ground.

THE Union Burial Ground Association of the Northern Liberties, offer for sale a part of their ground, which is pleasantly situate on the north side of the Coal ground, in square of the Old Kensington Burial Ground, with a west aspect and the advantage of an excellent and Family Burial Lots of 8 by 10 feet, upon very reasonable terms.

A portion of said ground is reserved for single interments, the charge of which is *so moderate*, that persons of very limited circumstances can be accommodated.

Applications for Lots or single Interments to either of the following officers:

President—Daniel Smith, No. 207 Nourth st. above Green.
Secretary—Jos. Crout, No. 65 Apple, and 207 North Fifth street.
Treasurer—Jos. R. Paul, Old York Road, above Brown.
Trustees—Anthony Bierman, No. 42 Brown Street, below Second; Jacob Beaty, No. 136 Cedar Street, above Third; Daniel B. Smith, No. 207 Apple st.; John Penn, No. 96 Apple Street; Jacob Baumer No. 44 Brown Street, below Second; Jacob Paul, 193 York Road, above Brown Street; Jno. Rudolph, No. 411 Green Street; Mahlon Lukens, Poplar Lane above Percival Street; Matthias E. Rudt, corner of Fairmount and Poplar Lane. Jacob Maurer, No. 213 North Third Street; John Rheiner, Jr. Old York Road above Brown; or to George Thumiser, No. 29 Apple Street, Superintendent, who will rectify any theory was unf